THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 27 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MAY 31st, 1927.

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T63

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25 Ladies' and Misses' Hats

Silk, Straw, Silk and Straw Combinations—all shades including Black—a special purchase.

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Crepe de Chene, Georgette and Silk in new designs

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Ask to see our Green Stripe Silk Stockings.

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New Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes

New Suits and Slickers

Trousers with Black Cuff Bottoms

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Newburgh, - Ont.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

FOR SALE—Rubber tired buggy. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE—Family driving mare, suitable for third horse. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE — General purpose mare in foal PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE—Shortening, 2 lbs. for 25c. Come and get it in any quantity you wish. Now! FRANK H. PERRY, Phone 130.

FOR SALE—Refrigerator, writing desk, piano box, small box stove. Apply to the VICARAGE. 26-a

HELP WANTED—Young man or boy with high school education. Apply BELLEVILLE CREAMERIES, Limited, Napanee, Ont. 27-b

WANTED—A spot cash bargain in house and lot. Any good location in town. Price between $1500 and $2500. Box 630, Napanee.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Brick House, corner Bridge and East Streets, Electric lights, bath furnace; good well at door, good cellar. Brick barn. Suitable for an apartment house, good garden. Apply on premises to MRS. W. J. NORMILE. 26-d

FOR SALE—Medium sized, two storey brick dwelling on East street Electric lights, furnace and waterworks. Large barn and stable. Geed well at door. Also good building lot adjoining. Will sell at a bargain. Apply to PAUL'S GARAGE, Dundas street, Napanee. Phone 198.

Rubber Tired Buggies

at the Right Price

C. H. SPENCER, Napanee.

27-b

REAL ESTATE

John Thompson farm, Roblindale station, about 110 acres; J. W. Graham, 14 acres, good house and buildings, Slash Road; W. H. Miller farm, 194 acres, 11 miles from Napanee, River Road; Madden property, Napanee, 50 acres; Clayton Garrison farm, 150 acres, 3 miles from Napanee, on Kingston highway; Archie Denison farm, Selby; Mrs. J. A. Parks, good house, 13 acres land, in town; 2 good residences.

JOHN WILSON,
Napanee.

REAL ESTATE.

Just a few of the bargains we have for sale: A fully modern, solid brick house, 9 rooms, in good repair, good barn or garage. On north side of Dundas street and close in.

100 acre farm, well improved, under good state of cultivation, only two miles from corner Robinson's store. Good loamy soil.

50 acre farm on Prov. Highway. Just fair buildings, good orchard, strawberries and respberries, well watered by creek and well. Very reasonable, and on terms if desired. About two miles from town.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of John Edward Griffith.

NOTICE IS given that persons having claims against the estate of John Edward Griffith, farmer, late of the Township of South Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, who died March 16th, 1924, at the said Township of South Fredericksburgh, are required to send full particulars of their claims to the undersigned on or before July 2nd, 1927. After the said date the Administratrix will distribute the assets of the deceased among those entitled, having regard only to those claims of which they shall have notice.

McGIVERIN, HAYDON & EBBS,
19 Elgin St., Ottawa,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Ottawa, May 20th, 1927. 26-c

FROM TEN TO SIX ARE HOURS OF SALE SAYS LIQUOR BOARD

Without exactly saying it, both Premier Ferguson and Chief Commissioner D. B. Hanna of the Liquor Control Commission on Thursday gave broad hints that the Liquor Control Act would be in force in Ontario next Wednesday.

Premier Ferguson, in announcing some new regulations, said the new law would replace the O.T.A. on or about June 1, and the Chief Commissioner, in making known the hours of sale and new plans for the issue of permits, spoke as if the board was just about ready to put out its official sign that it was in the business of dispensing liquor to the people of Ontario, and to bona fide tourists.

HOURS OF SALE.

There will be sale daily, except Sunday, in all the stores from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays.

A number of other stores will be opened throughout the Province on June 15, but the premises used now as Ontario Government dispensaries in outside points will all be changed overnight into government stores.

The board did not make known its price list, but promised that each permit-holder would get one. It, however, intimated that any permanent resident of Ontario holding a permit may purchase at any one time, two dozen bottles of liquor, four dozen pints of beer, or two dozen quart bottles of beer. Should a person wish one dozen bottles of whiskey and one dozen bottles of gin, instead of two dozen of one kind of liquor, he may purchase in this way. Tourists may obtain only half the quantity allowed to a permanent resident.

Congress Playing Cards, recognized as the finest in the world, $1.00 a package in either Bridge or ordinary. Other cards 40 and 50c. at Wallace's Drug Store.

CENTREVILLE.

We are suffering from the excessive rains, like the greater part of the Province, and a good deal of seeding remains yet to be done.

Mrs. Chas. Ingoldsby and little daughter, Rosalina, and Mrs. Jas. Perry and little son, Harold, have returned from the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, where both children underwent serious operations. Both are gaining slowly.

Our Municipal Councillors were viewing the roads west of the village one day recently. They are all in a bad condition.

Mr. Jas. Weese has the brick work on his cottage completed and is now putting the roof on. It will add greatly to the appearance of the corner.

Mr. Kenneth Weese is erecting a new garage.

Several new cars have been purchased lately.

The milk supply is increasing at the factory.

Wilfrid Whelan is erecting a cement silo.

Miss Gertie Whelan, Sydenham, is visiting friends here.

Lochhead Bros. are putting an iron roof on their dwelling and also painting it.

Cement!

A full car of Portland cement now in. Let us supply you.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of David Embury Griffith.

NOTICE IS given that persons having claims against the estate of David Embury Griffith, farmer, late of the Township of South Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, who died December 29th, 1913, at the said Township of South Fredericksburgh, are required to send full particulars of their claims to the undersigned on or before July 2nd, 1927. After the said date the Administratrix will distribute the assets of the deceased among those entitled, having regard only to those claims of which theyshall have notice.

McGIVERIN, HAYDON & EBBS,
19 Elgin St., Ottawa,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Ottawa, May 20th, 1927. 26-c

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Phoebe Ann Baker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Phoebe Ann Baker, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned on or before the 3rd day of June, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims duly verified.

And further take notice that after the said 3rd day of June, A.D., 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

MAX FOX, Executor.

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

A rare print of the Confederation Conference held at Quebec, in October, 1864. It was presented to the Public Archives recently by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden.

THE FIRST DOMINION PARLIAMENT

On July 1 (Dominion Day), Lord Monck, who had been Governor General of British North America since November 2, 1861, announced his appointment as Governor General of the Dominion of Canada. By the authority of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on that day, he conferred the Order of Knighthood on John A. Macdonald, and the honour Companionship of the Bath on S. L. Tilley, Charles Tupper, Georges Etienne Cartier, A. T. Galt, Wm. McDougall and W. P. Howland. These honours were conferred in recognition of the part the recipients had played in bringing about the Union of Canada and the Maritime Provinces.

On the following day, Lord Monck was sworn in as Governor General and Sir John A. Macdonald, at his request, formed a Coalition Government of both Conservatives and Liberals. The first House of Commons consisted of 181 members—82 from Ontario, 65 from Quebec, 19 from Nova Scotia and 15 from New Brunswick. Simultaneously the Senate came into being. It consisted of 72 members, appointed for life, 24 from Ontario, 24 from Quebec, 12 from Nova Scotia, and 12 from New Brunswick.

The first Dominion Parliament held in all five sessions. During the first Wm. McDougall moved a series of resolutions praying that Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories be added to the Dominion. These resolutions bore fruit and on June 23, 1870, an order of the Queen-in-Council transferred the territory designated, to Canada. A Bill was also passed, empowering the Government to raise money for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway.

While the Dominion Government was in session the Legislature of Nova Scotia prayed the Queen for a repeal of the Act of Union, so far as related to Nova Scotia, but, due largely to the manipulation of Charles Tupper, the repeal movement came to naught and the Imperial Government would not consent to the province withdrawing from Confederation. Early in March, 1868, the first Canadian three-cent letter stamp was issued, and on April 1, Post Office Savings Banks were first opened.

During the second session the Government was faced with a momentous question. The half-breeds of Red River, under Louis Riel, were made to bring about a peaceful settlement, but during the third session of Parliament an Expeditionary Force, under Col. Wolsley, had to be sent to quell the uprising. Wolsley won a bloodless victory, the rebels fleeing at his approach.

The fourth session saw the conclusion of the Treaty of Washington, a treaty that dealt with such important questions as the San Juan boundary, the fisheries, and the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and the Canadian Canals. While the House was in session the Imperial Parliament passed the "B.N.A. Act, 1871," granting the Parliament the right to create new provinces. On July 20, 1871, British Columbia was admitted to the Dominion.

After the close of the fifth session, Parliament dissolved. The Coalition principle was abandoned and the ensuing election, from which the Conservatives emerged victorious, took place along strictly party lines.

LEAFS LOSE A GAME

The Napanee Leafs travelled to Kingston on Friday to play an exhibition game with the Treasures, the City League champions there. It was their first game outdoors this year, and they showed that they were badly in need of outdoor practice. Our outfielders, in particular, have not had a chance to catch a fly ball since last summer, for every ball hit in the armouries, which would ordinarily get into outfield territory, hits the wall and glances back to infield. Consequently, practically every outfield fly was misjudged, although Marion Douglas made one fine running catch.

The girls had expected to play on the regular Cricket Field diamond, but when they arrived they found a boys' game in progress there. They were forced to use a very peculiar playing field at the far end of the lot, where the diamond sloped down at an angle of at least 12 degrees. The pitcher, as a result, was forced to pitch uphill, and a fast, straight ball which, on a level diamond would pass the batter's hip, would pass about the batter's ankle there. Hazel O'Neill started the game, and was bothered by the unusual conditions. The infielders, half way down the hill, all crouched for the grounders, found to their dismay, that the balls hopped five feet higher than they should have, and the outfielders, out of practice, misjudged the flys. So with five runs across, due to three errors and a walk, more than to safe hits, she felt that she was not doing well enough, and asked to be taken out. Dorothy Johnston reliever her, and found the same difficulty. Nearly all of the Treasures' runs came in the first few innings, for once the Leafs had got settled and more accustomed to the field, they worked well, and feel quite certain of beating the same team in another encounter.

It was the difference in the outfields that made the difference in the score. Long hits by Napanee players were either fielded properly, or returned promptly. The first Leaf at bat, Irene Embury, hit a beautiful triple to deep centre. She had almost reached third when the fielder got the ball, and of course kept going, but the fielder, D. Gibson, made a perfect throw to Compeau, whose peg caught the runner at the plate. It was a fine relay. Long hits by Whitton, Stinson and Dickson were also fielded in faultless manner.

The Leafs outhit the Treasures 20 to 14, and showed to better advantage on the bases. Dorothy Johnston made Ellerton, the shortstop, look foolish when she stole third, Ellerton turning completely around twice, holding the ball, trying to find out where Dot was going. Immediately after, Miss Ellerton, to get even tried the same thing herself, and was easily trapped off second, an unusually fine bit of infield work, Grass to Stinson to Embury. In the sixth, Ivy Hopping and Marion Embury hit home runs, Marion Grass got one in the ninth, and when Lenore Fraser was sent in, in the same inning to hit for Marion Douglas, she did the same thing. This player is not much bigger than the bat she uses, but oh, how she can hit!

Napanee—I. Embury, cf; Margaret Douglas, 1b; M. Embury, 2b; M. Stinson, ss; Marion Douglas, lf; R. Dickson, rf; V. Whitton, 3b; M. Grass, c; H. O'Neill, p; I. Hopping, cf; L. Fraser, lf; D. Johnston, p.

Treasures—E. Scrutton, lf; F. Connolly, c; E. Ellerton, ss; F. Salsbury, 1b; E. Compeau, 2b; G. Gollogly, 3b; J. Duncan, rf; D. Gibson, cf; E. Beck, p; Richards, 1b; Rawley, rf; Ralph, cf; Fredericks, p.

Leafs......... 1 0 0 1 0 4 2 2 4—14
Treasures.. 5 3 2 9 0 1 0 4 x—21

AFTFR FIRST OF JULY MOTOR CAR DRIVERS MUST HOLD LICENSES

All motor car drivers in Ontario will be licensed after July 1. Each individual license will cost $1 and will be good until the end of 1928. An Order-in-Council proclaiming legislation to this effect, has been passed by the Ontario Cabinet.

WILL APPOINT EXAMINERS.

Under the new arrangement, competent examiners will be appointed in many centres throughout the Province. Experienced drivers—that is motorists who have driven a car for six months and at least 500 miles—will not have to submit to examination. Inexperienced drivers will be put through a rigid test. The latter class, in addition to paying $1 for their permit, will be required to pay the examiner $1 for his instruction.

There will be $400,000 motor vehicles operated in Ontario this year, it is expected. On the basis of two drivers' permits being issued for each car, a possible revenue of between $600,000 and $800,000 should accrue to the Provincial Treasury from the new impost.

IN CASE OF NEGLECT.

Failure to take out a driver's permit will, it is understood, be met with drastic action by the Government.

While nothing definite on the situation can be ascertained, it is reported that the Government now has under consideration a proposal to reduce still further the motor license tax, but at the same time increase the gas tax. This action has been hinted broadly by many Government Ministers in past months, and it would not be surprising were it brought into effect at the 1928 sitting of the Legislature.

Chimneys, mantles and all supplies for Aladdin lamps, at Wallace's, Napanee Agents.

Brighten Up.

Use Martin-Senous 100% pure paints, varnishes and lacquers for your spring painting. Glass, oils and lead.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

COLEBROOK.

The local Ladies 'Aid held a surprise lunch and banquet at the home of Mrs. William Jackson, Bethel, on Wednesday afternoon. There was a good turnout and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

His many friends are pleased to note that Mr. Bert Eckhardt passed his final exams. in medicine at Queen's.

Messrs. Snyder and Martin, of Yarker, are supplying some of the residents of this place with coal.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Boyce were in Kingston on Wednesday, attending a banquet of the Eastern Star Lodge.

Kenneth Laking, who had his leg broken a couple of weeks ago, is able to be moved home.

STELLA.

The recent warm weather has made a considerable change. The trees are all coming out in leaf and blossom and the country is looking about at its best. Very little planting has been done yet, owing to the continued wet weather.

The milk supply at the cheese factories is rapidly increasing.

M. J. Brennan, of Belleville, dairy inspector for this district, was here a short time ago, making the butter-fat content test for April.

Lemmon & Sons, of Kingston, have installed a new steel whey tank at the Stella factory.

J. Campbell, of Port Hope, Government Inspector, paid a visit to H. S. Patterson's farm recently, making the official R.O.P. test.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church held a very successful ice cream social and sale of home baking in the town hall on Saturday evening last. The attendance was good and there was a splendid array of eatables for sale on the home-made table, which were readily disposed of. Receipts totalled about $50.00.

Miss G. E. Preston, R.N., late of Pasadena, California, now of Hamilton, Ont., spent a few days last week with her father, W. H. Preston.

Quite a number of new cars have been purchased by Islanders in the past few weeks.

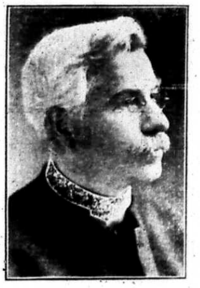
Hugh Gibson has been redecorating the interior of the Hotel Royal.

Miss Edna Tugwell has secured a position in the office of the Kingston Creameries, Ltd., in the city.

Miss Ruth Marshall, R.N., Buffalo, N.Y., is renewing acquaintances here, after a somewhat lengthy absence.

J. Wannamaker, of the firm of Fallon Bros., Kingston, was on the Island last week erecting some monuments in Glenwood cemetery.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or hogs. Full information at Wallace's, Napanee agents.



REV. DR. E. I. HART,
of Montreal,

Secretary of the Prohibition Federation of Canada, and General Secretary of the Quebec league against alcoholism, will be in Trinity Church, Napanee, June 6th, at eight p.m. Subject: "Government Control in Quebec," with slides and under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

ADOLPHUSTOWN

Mr. Johnathan Allen had a narrow escape recently when a horse he was riding became scared and started to run. The animal fell and Mr. Allen was thrown violently to the ground and was unconscious for a time.

The early fruit trees are loaded with bloom, and the apple trees are well budded. Whether the rain will injure the blossoms on the small fruits is not known yet.

A large gang of men and teams have been engaged in repairing the county road.

Mrs. W. J. Magee is confined to her home by illness. Mrs. F. E. Foster is also indisposed.

Mr. J. B. Allison entertained the Ladies' Aid on Wednesday afternoon, the day marking the eighty-eighth anniversary of his birth.

Mrs. S. Mack and children are visiting in Toronto.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

COMING :-: EVENTS

HALF HOLIDAYS START WEDnesday, June 1st. Stores close at 12 o'clock noon.

BAND CONCERT in the Harvey Warner Park, on Friday evening, weather permitting.

BASEBALL MATCH, NAPANEE Driving Park Wednesday afternoon, June 1st. Adolphustown vs. Napanee. Admission 25 cents.

Thousands Move in First Three Days of May

The time-honored custom whereby an average of 20,000 householders in Montreal move on the first, second and third of May each year is one of the odd survivals of a bygone era that brings woe and despair to multitudes. Every known type of vehicle is pressed into service, and the spectacle of the rain beating down on the earthly effects (it invariably rains) of hundreds of flat dwellers as they seek their new domicile is one of the tragedies of the metropolis. The public service companies—electric light, gas, telephone—are confronted with the task of compressing into a few days service transfers that ordinarily would take weeks. Telephone calls for 'Information' mount as high as 25,000 per day and the operators are the recognized source of enlightenment on such queries as, "Operator, where has John Doe moved to? He used to live at umpty six two seven Park Avenue."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

PETER PREACHING TO GENTILES

Sunday, June 5—Acts 10 and 11.

Golden Text—For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him (Rom. 10 : 12).

I. Peter had been given a most extraordinary commission by the Lord Jesus Christ, and he had gone on fulfilling it since the Day of Pentecost. When (in Matthew 16) Peter voiced his great confession that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God." Christ said to Peter; "I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." The meaning of this has been quoted here before: "A key is a badge of power or authority (compare Isa. 22:22; Rev. 3:7). The apostolic history explains and limits this trust, for it was Peter who opened the door of Christian opportunity to Israel on the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2:38-42), and to Gentiles in the house of Cornelius (Acts 10:34-46. There was no assumption by Peter of any other authority (Acts 15:7-11)."

So this week's lesson has been called "Peter's Second Use of the Keys; the Gospel Given to Gentiles."

We must remember it was a new thing in the history of the world for any person outside of Israel to have equal access to God by simple faith apart from the works of the law. But a new dispensation, a new age, had begun by the death and resurrection f Christ. It was hard even for Jews who truly believed on Christ to realie this.

Cornelius was a Roman centurion. He was a godly man, given to good works and much prayer. God was now going to save him and his household by letting in the light of the Gospel through Peter. An angel of God disclosed this to Cornelius in a vision, and told him to send for Peter.

Peter meantime, in another city, going up to a housetop for prayer, fell into a trance, and God spoke to him. God often works simultaneously in different lives that may be at a distance from each other, in order to bring his purposes to pass. If God tells us to do something which involves another, we may be confident that God is preparing that other also.

In his trance Peter saw all manner of beasts and creeping things and fowls, and heard a voice, "Rise, Peter; kill and eat." He shrank back with the words, "Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean."

W. Graham Scroggie, of Edinburgh has called attention to the sharp contradiction in Peter's words, "Not so ,Lord." We may believe that Peter was not intending to sin, but how can one say "Lord" and "not so" at the same time? We must either let the "Not so" go or deny that Christ is our Lord. Cornelius's response was better, in the vision he had just had, as he said, "What is it Lord?" Or Paul's "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts 9:6.)

But Peter did God's will promptly and completely when he understood it, and we must not make the common mistake of saying, as some do, that Peter's ideas about unclean food before this time had been primitive or ignorant, or a mistaken notion of religious duty. In refraining from "unclean" food hitherto, Peter had been obeying God's own law (Lev. 11), which was now done away by Christ's fulfilling of the law as the new age of grace began.

Yet Peter could not know just what the vision meant, until circumstances made it plainer. It is often so with us today, as God discloses His will for us, step by step. We may not know why or where He is leading, but we shall know if we follow His leading.

When Cornelius had sent for Peter, and Peter learned the facts, the meaning of the vision was explained. Peter realized that Christ's work of grace was so mighty and all-sufficient that believing Gentiles could be as clean as believing Jews in God's sight. Now he understood the Lord's message, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

He preached the Gospel to Cornelius and his kinsmen and near friends who were assembled to listen. It was and is a Gospel of facts. It was not enough for these Gentiles merely to know who Christ was. They must know what Christ had done. It is not enough for us to tell people that Christ is the Son of God; we must tell them that Christ died for our sins, and was raised again from the dead, and in that way alone was able to be the Saviour of all who believe on Him and His sufficient work. As Peter told all this, and came to the climax "that, through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," the miracle happened: "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." They were born again, saved, baptized by the Holy Spirit, filled to overflowing as they spoke with tongues and magnified God.

The Gospel had begun to be given to the whole world, Jew and Gentile alike. It was a practical demonstration of what Paul wrote 20 years later: "That ye, being in times past Gentiles in the flesh........without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealt of Israel, and strangers from the covenans of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world; but now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made night by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us........ and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh (Eph. 2: 11-18).

——o——

HAIR WORN AS HELMET.

Strange Body of Africans Described by Explorer—Trained as Police.

A new African tribe, the male members of which affect a novel headdress, is reported by Mr. J. H. Driberg, the explorer and anthropologist. They are known as the Didinga, and dwell among the mountains of that name in the remote southeastern extremity of the Sudan.

Their country borders on Abyssinia, Kenya, and Uganda. A band of outlaws dwelling over the border in Abyssinia have been in the habit of raiding the Didinga, carrying off cattle and slaves. Not being powerful enough to strike back, and feeling the loss of their cattle, they began to raid peaceful villages in the administrated areas of the Sudan and also over the boundary in Uganda.

To stop these raids the Uganda Government sent Mr. Driberg into the Didinga mountains. "They are a magnificent race of mountaineers," he says, "clean, healthy, and vigorous. They wear but little clothing, and what they do wear is virtually prescribed by convention and has little utilitarian value. But they possess the primitive instinct for adornment, and metal and bead ornaments have a great attraction for both sexes.

"Their most pronounced characteristic is the head-dress of the men. It is called a temedek, and consists of the hair trained into the shape of an inverted basin or a balmoral. As the hair grows, it is worked into a kind of felt by intermatting it. In order to speed up the process of growth other hair is sometimes woven in. It requires about five months to grow a complete head-dress, and when it has grown it needs constant attention.

One of Dr. Driberg's first tasks was to build a fort and train a number of Didinga as a police force. He found them willing workmen and good soldiers. Attached to the post there is a prison, and it is invariably full, not of prisoners brought there against their wish, but of men who have sought the prison as a place of refuge. One of the customs of the Didinga is that if a man commits a tribal offence he may seek shelter until friends have condoned his misdeed. Should he be caught before a settlement is arrived at, he is punished. Thus if a man commits wrong he hastens to the prison and works like a convict for the Government till friends arrange his release.

Value of Land In England.

How much is the land in England worth?

According to a British Blue Book just published by the Ministry of Agriculture the figure is about £815,000,000. This is for land used for agriculture and horticulture alone; it doesn't include the immensely valuable land in our great centres of population.

The total output of the land—crops and produce of various kinds—is given as £225,000,000, only about a tenth of which is accounted for by corn. But if we are growing less grain, says an Old Country paper, than we did formerly we are producing mere milk, eggs, poultry, and dairy produce.

Agriculture has passed through difficult times since 1908—probably the most difficult the industry has known for 100 years, but the Ministry's experts seem to believe that it has done so without suffering any serious damage. Another tribute to the way in which Britons rise to an emergency!

THE MOTORIST IN COURT

B YERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive & Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

In a bulletin issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the curious and varying ways by which the driver or owner courts trouble are indicated. The driver who knocks down a street sweeper is worse off than the one who hits an ordinary pedestrian. The owner of the family car must answer, as a rule, for what the family does with it on friendly errands. To loan a car to an incompetent driver is to pay the reckoning for what the incompetent driver does.

These and other conclusions are based on a series of court decisions, whic differ to some extent, according to the laws of the different states.

Drivers of automobiles are bound to take notice of laborers in the streets and to exercise special care not to injure them. A worker in the street is not negligent if so occupied with his work that he does not watch for approaching vehicles.

A motorist approaching a street car which has stopped at a usual place to take on or discharge passengers, is required to be especially careful for the safety of persons boarding or leaving the car. Under such conditions the law imposes a higher degree of care upon the motorist than upon the pedestrian.

An automobile owner is responsible for the conduct of his chauffeur while performing the business of the owner. Between the owner of the automobile and his chauffeur, while the latter is engaged in the owner's business, the relation of master and servant exists and the rules of law applicable to that relation apply.

As a rule an automobile owner is liable for negligence resulting in injuries to a guest while an occupant of his car. There are exceptions to this general rule. An automobile owner or driver may be relieved of liability on account of an injury to a guest, when the guest is guilty of contributory negligence. If a driver is operating a car in a reckless or dangerous manner and the guest having time and opportunity to protest makes none, he has no recovery against the driver. This failure to act is construed as contributory negligence. Ordinarily a passenger in an automobile has no control over it's operation and is not liable for the driver's negligence, but a passenger who participates in the active management of the car may be liable for the negligent conduct of the driver.

In the absence of a specific statute, when an automobile owner loans his car to another person, and the borrower uses the car for his own purposes, the owner is not liable. It has been held that an owner is liable when he knowingly lends his car to an incompetent person, and that person injures some one by negligent driving. The owner here is negligent in lending his car to this type of person.

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MATERIALISM RAMPANT.

"There Is Only One Power, One Aim —Money," She Says.

"The theatre is dangerously ill. Phideas, Socrates and Aristotle are dead. The gods of our time are petrol, eggs, butter, wheat prices and railway shares." Such is the pessimistic declaration of Madame Xaren Bramsen, Danish author of note. She is quoted, says the Toronto Globe, as making this statement during an address before the Anglo-Danish Society in London, England.

She said dramatic authors look on these facts with tears in their eyes. "There is only one power, one aim, and one dream in the world—money."

Mme. Bramsen declared the cinema had been an enormous influence on the human spirit all over the world. She calculated that between 25,000,000 and 50,000,000 people attend the cinemas of the world daily, and are influenced by trivial, sentimental, stupid stories.

Mme. Bramsen asserted: "We must have new forms, find new possibilities for theatrical performances, in order to follow the beat of the world's violent rhythm. We must have plays in twenty short scenes showing life as it is, instead of three or four acts with vague and useless talk telling us about life as it is not."

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ROBT. LIGHT.
44tf

SECRETS OF FAR EAST

BEHIND THE VEIL OF CHINA'S 5,000-YEAR-OLD MYSTERIES.

Col. Etherton, Former British Consul-General in Chinese Turkestan, Says China Is Waking Up—China's Picture Language.

Although the first British ship to visit the Far East reached the port of Canton as long ago as A.D. 1627, China is still very little known to the average person, who imagines it to be a land of almost constant strife, inhabited by people who are more or less uncivilized, writes Lieut.-Col. P. T. Etherton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., in Tit-Bits.

The real China, which I got to know well during my journeys into the heart of Asia, is very different from that. It is the world's oldest Empire, for China has been a nation since the first Emperor ascended the Imperial Throne in 2752 B.C. And although it is true that there are to-day millions of Chinese so poor that they have to keep their families on what can be bought for threepence a day in English money, this does not alter the fact that China is the oldest civilization still flourishing.

During the four thousand years of the Empire, which was only overthrown in 1912, China had no hereditary aristocracy. Instead, the emperor's advisers were selected from the wisest men in the land by examinations held at the Imperial Palace in Pekin, and conducted by the emperor himself. During these examinations, which lasted for weeks, the competitors were locked up in tiny cells, food and drink being passed through a hole in the door, while they committed to memory thousands of different characters from the Confucian classics upon which such government as China possessed was based. These classics, which date back to before the birth of Christ, were the great treasures of Chinese literature, and those that still exist reveal the marvellous composition and regard for learning which were to be found in China thousands of years ago. That country was, indeed, the birthplace of literature, art, and astrology.

It may be asked how this vast empire, which still contains hundreds of different dialects, managed to remain united through the centuries. The answer is to be found in the Chinese method of writing by word-pictures instead of words. Although there are still, for instance, eighty different dialects in the one Province of Fukien, and over 400 in China, every Chinese can read the written Chinese langauge. In each dialect the word-picture is represented by a different spoken sound, but the picture means the same thing in every part of the country, just as the figures 800 convey the same meaning to a Frenchman, a Swede, or a Bazillian who would not understand you if you said "eight hundred."

In China ancestor-worship is practiced, and every man considers it his duty to marry early and produce large families so that his ancestors may have mere worshippers on earth. The result is that China always has a larger population than the soil can support, and famine is nearly always present in some part of the country. Even the most terrible wars and revolutions hardly check the rapid growth of the population. The Taiping Rebellion, for instance, which lasted for ten years and cost twenty million lives, did not check the growing numbers of Chinese, and to-day the total population is estimated to be about 450 millions, or nine times the population of Great Britain.

The village communities, which are the real China, are ruled by district magistrates appointed by the Government. The magistrates make their own laws, which are very few. Municipal government is unknown in even the large cities, and the only laws are those connected with the collection of taxes and the suppression of crime. Even crime is regarded lightly. It is considered undignified for a wealthy or educated Chinese to go to prison, and it is customary for such persons, when convicted, to pay "professional prisoners" a lump sum to serve the punishment for them.

Side by side with the ancient China that stretches across Asia there have arisen since 1894 the beginnings of an industrial age. In cities like Canton, Shanghai, Chefoo, and Hankow there are to-day many cotton mills, silk factories, and match factories, and the conditions in these can only be described as terrible. Most of the labor is performed by women and children, who receive about fivepence a day for work which begins at dawn and continues for thirteen or even fifteen hours. The workers sleep beside their benches in the factories, and rarely leave them except on Chinese feast days. Is it surprising that over eighty trade unions have been formed in Shanghai alone since 1918?

China is waking up. The present war, important as it is to foreigners, is only affecting a tiny part of the country. The rest of the toiling millions carry on life as it has been lived for thousands of years and will continue to do so long after the present strife is forgotten. When the real heart of China—the vast interior—is opened up for trade and development, the possibilities of that country will be realized.

China possesses vast coalfields, tin mines, oilfields, and other mineral wealth that will in time help to make her rich. But before these things can be developed the country must have peace.

Sofa the Seat of Honor.

In a Mexican home the sofa is the seat of honor. A guest does not take a seat upon it until requested to do so.

May Not Speak to Son-in-Law.

Among some Indian tribes it is regarded as improper for a mother-in-law to speak to her daughter's husband.

Are Eating Less Bread.

England as a nation is eating less bread.

Frogskin Raincoats.

Snakeskin umbrellas for women and frogskin coats for men are two of the latest fashions. The snakeskin is treated so that it is soft as silk. The frogskins are sewn together, and a pondful of frogs is required to make a single waterproof coat.

Taking Water to Their Young.

Sand grouse, inhabitants of desert areas, can carry water to their young by soaking their feathers and then, after flying home, let the chicks quench their thirst with this moisture.

A CLOSE-UP PICTURE.

Birds Are Only Creatures That Die With Their Eyes Closed.

Birds of all living things are the only creatures that die with their eyes closed. From man down all other species pass out with their eyes open. Dan McCowan, one of Canada's outstanding naturalists, has made this and a thousand other fascinating discoveries as a result of his twenty years of intensive study of birds and animals in the National Park at Banff.

Mr. McCowan has sat in a tree for days in order to obtain close-up pictures of the family life of our feathered friends. He has taken more than ten thousand nature pictures under the most thrilling circumstances. His wife has been his working partner in all his enterprises, and the artistically colored slides which illustrate his lectures are from Mrs. McCowan's brush.

Once the McCowans climbed for three days before they reached an eagle's eyrie. They set out over dangerous precipices to obtain pictures of the young eagles which they knew were in the lofty nest. For three days they were threatened and attacked by the old birds which darted down the mountain side at terrific speed with wings folded. The parent birds gave the McCowans the cold shivers, but they persisted and were rewarded with splendid pictures of the baby eagles at home. Upon the McCowans' return to Banff they were asked to go back to the eyrie and fetch down the eaglets for the zoo, but they declined the mission, on the ground that eagles were never meant to be caged.

"There is one bird in Canada that can fly backwards. It is the humming bird which goes into a flower head on, and backs out, just like some insects," Mr. McCowan stated. The manner in which its wings are fashioned enables the humming bird to perform this feat.

"Another Canadian bird is able to do a rare thing—the Canada jay can incubate its eggs when the temperature is 10 and 15 degrees below zero. It begins to nest in the Rocky Mountains at the beginning of February, and zero weather usually prevails out our way until March 30."

THE FIRST FORKS.

Eccentric Individual Introduces Them Into England.

Exactly 350 years ago there was born at Odcombe, in Somerset, an eccentric individual, one Thomas Coryate, better known as the Odcombe Leg-Stretcher. To him we owe the introduction into England of the table fork.

Tom was the son of the rector of an obscure country village. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards entered the royal household as a comic attendant. His wit made him many friends and some enemies. It was his ambition to become the greatest traveller ever known, and to accomplish this he made two journeys, partly on foot, through Europe and Asia.

On arriving in Italy he observed "a custom that is not used in any other country which I saw, neither do I think it is that any other nation doth use it.

"The Italians at their meals always use a little fork; while holding the knife in one hand they cut their meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish; so that should anyone inadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers from which all the table do cut he will give offence to the company as having transgressed the law of good manners."

Tom must have been mistaken, however, in his assertion that the Italians were the only people at that time to use forks, for a French writer in 1589 stated that in that country they never touched their meat with their hands, but with forks.

Long before Coryate's time, however, forks were in use, for fruit-eating only, in England in the royal households.

MAN WHO MISSED A FORTUNE.

Inventor of Matches Refused to Take Out a Patent.

The centenary occurred recently of an invention that is enjoyed daily all over the world, but the inventor remains practically unknown.

A hundred years ago John Walker, the inventor, called them friction lights. To-day they are called matches, and millions of them are used every day.

John Walker was a singularly modest man. He declined to patent his invention. He might have made a fortune out of it, and he probably made no more than a few shillings. He was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1781, and was apprenticed to a surgeon, but had a horror of surgical operations, so he became a pharmacist.

Two years before he invented the phosphor match he had been selling a mixture of equal parts of potassium chlorate and antimony sulphide as a "percussion powder," and it may have been a scientific following-up of this that led him to produce the friction match. At any rate, in April, 1827, it is recorded in his day-book that he sold a tin of a hundred "friction lights" for a shilling.

Each tin contained also a piece of glass-paper. The light was made by the head of the match being pinched in the folds of the glass-paper.

In 1827 and the two succeeding years John Walker sold 168 tins of friction lights, and by this time news of them had spread. Scientific journals and lecturers mentioned them, and a man with more business acumen than their inventor, Samuel Jones, of 201, Strand, London, began to make imitations of them, which he called "lucifers." When John Walker heard of this he lost interest in his invention and refused to make any more.

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THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

By Rudyard Kipling

RUDYARD KIPLING

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Irvin S. Cobb, was "The Man Who Would Be King" by Rudyard Kipling. Three other noted authors think this is the best short story.

IRVIN S. COBB

PART I.

THE beginning of everything was in a railway train upon the road to Mhow from Ajmir. There had been a deficit in the budget, which necessitated traveling not second class, which is only half as dear as first class, but by intermediate, which is very awful indeed.

My particular intermediate happened to be empty till I reached Nasirabad, when a huge gentleman in shirt sleeves entered and, following the custom of intermediates, passed the time of day. He was a wanderer and a vagabond like myself, but with an educated taste for whisky. He told tales of things he had seen and done, of out of the way corners of the empire into which he had penetrated and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food.

My friend wanted to send a telegram back from the next station to Ajmir, which is the turning off place from the Bombay to the Mhow line as you travel westward. My friend had no money beyond 8 annas, which he wanted for dinner, and I had no money at all owing to the hitch in the budget before mentioned.

"Did you say you are traveling back along this line within any days?" asked he.

"Within ten," I said.

"Can't you make it eight?" said he. "Mine is rather urgent business."

"I can send your telegram within ten days if that will serve you," I said.

"I couldn't trust the wire to fetch him, now I think of it. It's this way: He leaves Delhi on the 23d for Bombay. That means he'll be running through Ajmir about the night of the 23d."

"But I'm going into the Indian desert," I explained.

"Well and good," he said. "You'll be changing at Marwar Junction to get into Jodhpore territory—you must do that—and he'll be coming through Marwar Junction in the early morning of the 24th by the Bombay mail. Can you be at Warwar Junction that time? I would take it more than kind of you if you was to come out of central India in time to catch him at Marwar Junction and say to him, 'He has gone south for the week.' He'll know what that means. He's a big man with a red beard, and a great swell he is. You'll find him sleeping like a gentleman with all his luggage round him in a second class compartment. I ask you as a stranger—going to the west," he said with emphasis.

"Where have you come from?" said I.

"From the east," said he, "and I am hoping that you will give him the message on the square—for the sake of my mother as well as your own."

Englishmen are not usually softened by appeals to the memory of their mothers, but for certain reasons, which will be fully apparent, I saw fit to agree.

"I'll give the message if I catch him," I said, "and for the sake of your mother as well as mine I'll give you a word of advice. Don't try to run the Central India states just now as the correspondent of the Backwoodsman. There's a real one knocking about here, and it might lead to trouble."

"Thank you," said he simply. "And when will the swine be gone? I can't starve because he's ruining my work. I wanted to get hold of the Degumber Rajah down here about his father's widow and give him a jump."

"What did he do to his father's widow, then?"

"Filled her up with red pepper and slippered her to death as she hung from a beam. I found that out myself and I'm the only man that would dare going into the state to get hush money for it. But you'll give the man at Marwar Junction my message?"

He got out at a little roadside station. When I left the train I did business with divers kings, and in eight days passed through many changes of life.

Then I headed for the great Indian desert upon the proper date as I had promised, and the night mail set me down at Marwar Junction.

The Bombay mail from Delhi makes a short halt at Marwar. She arrived as I got in, and I had just time to hurry to her platform and go down the carriages. There was only one second class on the train. I slipped the window and looked down upon a flaming red beard, half covered by a railway rug.

"Tickets again?" said he.

"No," said I. "I am to tell you that he is gone south for the week. He is gone south for the week!"

The train had begun to move out. The red man rubbed his eyes. "He has gone south for the week!" he repeated. "Now, that's just like his impidence. Did he say that I was to give you anything? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped.

Later on I reflected that two gentlemen like my friends could not do any good if they foregathered and personated correspondents of newspapers, and might, if they "stuck up" one of the little rat trap states of central India or southern Rajputana, get themselves into serious difficulties. I therefore took some trouble and succeeded, so I was later informed, in having them headed back from the Degumber borders.

Then I became respectable and returned to an office where there were no kings and no incidents except the daily manufacture of a newspaper. A newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person, to the prejudice of discipline. But that is the amusing part of the year. There are other six months wherein none ever come to call and the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass.

It was in that season, and a remarkably evil season, that the paper began running the last issue of the week on Saturday night, which is to say Sunday morning, after the custom of a London paper.

One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the paper to bed alone. It was a pitchy black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the loo, the redhot wind from the westward, was booming among the tinder dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. It was a shade cooler in the pressroom than the office, so I sat there while the type ticked and clicked and the night jars hooted at the windows and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water.

Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits. I rose to go away, but two men in white clothes stood in front of me. The first one said, "It's him!" The second said, "So it is!" And they both laughed almost as loudly as the machinery roared and mopped their foreheads. The smaller of the two was the man I had met in the Mhow train, and his fellow was the red bearded man of Marwar Junction.

I was not pleased, because I wished to go to sleep, not to squabble with loafers. "What do you want?" I asked.

"Half an hour's talk with you cool and comfortable in the office," said the red bearded man. "We'd like some drink—the contrack doesn't begin yet, Peachey, so you needn't look—but what we really want is advice. We don't want money. We ask you as a favor, because you did us a bad turn about Degumber."

I led from the press room to the stifling office with the maps on the wall, and the red haired man rubbed his hands. "That's something like," said he. "This was the proper shop to come to. Now, sir, let me introduce you to Brother Peachey Carnehan, that's him, and Brother Daniel Dravot, that is me, and the less said about our profession the better, for we have been most things in our time. Carnehan is sober, and so am I. We'll take one of your cigars apiece, and you shall see us light."

I watched the test. The men were absolutely sober, so I gave them each a tepid peg.

"Well and good," said Carnehan of the eyebrows, wiping the froth from his mustache. "Let me talk now, Dan. We have decided that India isn't big enough for such as us."

They certainly were too big for the office. Carnehan continued: "The country isn't half worked out because they that governs us won't let you touch it. Therefore, such as it is, we will let it alone and go away to some other place where a man isn't crowded and can come to his own. We are not little men, and there is nothing that we are afraid of except drink, and we have signed a contrack on that. Therefore we are going away to be kings."

"Kings in our own right," muttered Dravot.

"Yes, of course," I said. "You've been tramping in the sun, and it's a very warm night, and hadn't you better sleep over the notion?"

"Neither drunk nor sunstruck," said Dravot. "We have slept over the notion half a year and require to see books and atlases, and we have decided that there is only one place now in the world that two strong men can Sar-a-whack. They call it Kafiristan. By my reckoning it's the top right hand corner of Afghanistan, not more than 300 miles from Peshawar. They have two and thirty heathen idols there, and we'll be the thirty-third. It's a mountainous country, and the women are very beautiful."

"But that is provided against in the contrack," said Carnehan. "Neither women nor liqu-or, Daniel."

"And that's all we know, except that no one has gone there, and they fight, and in any place where they fight a man who knows how to drill men can always be a king. We shall go to those parts and say to any king we find: 'D'you want to vanquish your foes?' and we will show him how to drill men, for that we know better than anything else. Then we will subvert that king and seize his throne and establish a dy-nasty."

"You'll be cut to pieces before you're fifty miles across the border," I said. "You have to travel through Afghanistan to get to that country. Are you at all in earnest?"

"A little," said Dravot sweetly. "Now, as big a map as you have got, even if it's all blank where Kafiristan is, and any books you've got. We can read, though we aren't very educated."

I uncased the big thirty two miles to the inch map of India and two smaller frontier maps, hauled down volume Inf-kan of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the men consulted them.

"See here!" said Dravot, his thumb on the map. "Up to Jagdallak, Peachey and me know the road. We was there with Roberts' army. We'll have to turn off to the right at Jagdallak, through Laghmann territory; then we get among the hills—14,000 feet—15,000. It will be cold work there, but it don't look very far on the map."

I smoked while the men pored over Raverty, Wood, the maps and the Encyclopaedia.

"There is no use your waiting," said Dravot politely. "It's about 4 o'clock now. We'll go before 6 o'clock if you want to sleep, and we won't steal any of the papers. When we've got our kingdom in going order we'll let you know, and you can come up and help us to govern it."

"Would two lunatics make a contrack like that?" asked Carnehan with subdued pride, showing me a greasy half sheet of note paper on which was written the following. I copied it then and there as a curiosity:

> This contrack between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth.
>
> One.—That me and you will settle this matter together—i. e., to be Kings of Kafiristan.
>
> Two.—That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any liquor, nor any woman black, white or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.
>
> Three.—That we conduct ourselves with dignity and discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him.
>
> Signed by you and me this day,
> Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan.
> Daniel Dravot.
> Both Gentlemen at Large.

I left them still poring over the maps and making notes on the back of the "contrack." "Be sure to come down to the Serai tomorrow to say goodby," were their parting words.

The Kumharsen Serai is the great four square sink of humanity where the strings of camels and horses from the north lead and unload. In the afternoon I went down there to see whether my friends intended to keep their word or were lying about drunk.

A priest attired in fragments of ribbons and rags stalked up to me, gravely twisting a child's paper whirligig. Behind him was his servant, bending under the load of a crate of mud toys. The two were loading up two camels and the inhabitants of the Serai watched them with shrieks of laughter.

"The priest is mad," said a horse dealer to me. "He is going up to Kabul to sell toys to the ameer. He will either be raised to honor or have his head cut off. He came in here this morning and has been behaving madly ever since."

"From Roum have I come," shouted the priest, waving his whirligig—"from Roum, blown by the breath of a hundred devils across the sea! Who will take the protected of God to the north to sell charms that are never still to the amir? Ho! Hazar Mir Khan," he yelled to his servant, "drive out the camels, but let me first mount my own."

He leaped on the back of his beast as it knelt and, turning round to me, cried, "Come, thou, also, sahib, a little along the road and I will sell thee a charm, an amulet that shall make thee king of Kafiristan."

Then the light broke upon me, and I followed the two camels out of the Serai till we reached open road, and the priest halted.

"What d'you think o' that?" said he in English. "Carnehan can't talk their patter, so I've made him my servant. He makes a handsome servant. 'Tisn't for nothing that I've been knocking about the country for fourteen years. Didn't I do that talk neat? We'll hitch on to a caravan at Peshawar till we get to Jagdallak, and then we'll see if we can get donkeys for our camels and strike into Kafiristan. Whirligigs for the ameer, O Lord! Put your hand under the camel bags and tell me what you feel."

I felt the butt of a Martini and another and another.

"Twenty of 'em," said Dravot placidly, "twenty of 'em, and ammunition to correspond under the whirligigs and the mud dolls."

"Heaven help you if you are caught with those things," I said. "A Martini is worth her weight in silver among the Pathans."

"Fifteen hundred rupees of capital—every rupee we could beg, borrow or steal—are invested on these two camels," said Dravot. "We won't get caught. We're going through the Khaiber with a regular caravan. Who'd touch a poor mad priest? Goodby." And he gave me his hand cautiously.

Carnehan leaned down and shook hands. Then the camels passed away along the dusty road, and I was left alone to wonder. My eye could detect no failure in the disguises. The scene in the Serai attested that they were complete to the native mind.

Ten days later a native friend of mine, giving me the news of the day from Peshawar, wound up his letter with, "There has been much laughter here on account of a certain mad priest who is going in his estimation to sell petty gauds and insignificant trinkets which he ascribes as great charms to H. H. the ameer of Bokhara."

The two, then, were beyond the border. I would have prayed for them, but that night a real king died in Europe and demanded an obituary notice.

PART II.

THE wheel of the world swings through the same phases. Summer passed, and winter thereafter, and came and passed again. The daily paper continued and I with it, and upon the third summer there fell a hot night, a night issue and a strained waiting for something to be telegraphed from the other side of the world, exactly as had happened before. At 3 o'clock I cried, "Print off!" and turned to go, when there crept to my chair what was left of a man. He was bent into a circle, his head was sunk between his shoulders, and he moved his feet one over the other like a bear. "Can you give me a drink?" he whimpered. "For the Lord's sake, give me a drink!"

I went back to the office, the man following with a groan of pain, and I turned up the lamp.

I looked at him intently. Once before had I seen eyebrows that met over the nose in an inch broad black band, but for the life of me I could not tell where.

"I don't know you," I said, handing him the whisky. "What can I do for you?"

He took a gulp of the spirit raw and shivered in spite of the suffocating heat.

"I've come back," he repeated. "And I was the king of Kafiristan—me and Dravot—crowned kings we was! In this office we settled it—you setting there and giving us the books. I am Peachey—Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan, and you've been sitting here ever since—oh, Lord! Poor, poor, Dan, that would never take advice, not though I begged of him!"

"Take the whisky," I said, "and take your own time. Tell me all you can recollect of everything from beginning to end. You got across the border on your camels, Dravot dressed as a mad priest and you his servant. Do you remember that?"

I leaned forward and looked into his face as steadily as I could. He dropped one hand upon the table and I grasped it by the wrist. It was twisted like a bird's claw, and upon the back was a ragged, red, diamond shaped scar.

"No, don't look there. Look at me," said Carnehan.

"You went as far as Jagdallak with that caravan," I said at a venture. "To Jagdallak, where you turned off to try to get into Kafiristan."

"No, we didn't neither. What are you talking about? We turned off before Jagdallak, because we heard the roads was good. But they wasn't good enough for our two camels—mine and Dravot's. When we left the caravan Dravot took off all his clothes and mine too and said we would be heathen, because the Kaffirs didn't allow Mohammedans to talk to them. So we dressed betwixt and between, and such a sight as Daniel Dravot I never saw yet nor expect to see again. That was in a most mountainous country, and our camels couldn't go along any more because of the mountains. They were tall and black, and coming home I saw them fight like wild goats—there are lots of goats in Kafiristan."

"Take some more whisky," I said very slowly. "What did you and Daniel Dravot do when the camels could go no further because of the rough roads that led into Kafiristan?"

"What did which do? There was a party called Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan that was with Dravot. Shall I tell you about him? He died out there in the cold. Slap from the bridge fell old Peachey, turning and twisting in the air like a penny whirligig that you can sell to the ameer.

"And then these camels were no use, and Peachey said to Dravot, 'For the Lord's sake let's get out of this before our heads are chopped off!' And with that they killed the camels all among the mountains, not having anything in particular to eat, but first they took off the boxes with the guns and the ammunition till two men came along driving four mules. Dravot up and dances in front of them, singing: 'Sell me four mules.' Says the first man, 'If you are rich enough to buy you are rich enough to rob.' But before ever he could put his hand to his knife Dravot breaks his neck over his knee, and the other party runs away. So Carnehan loaded the mules with the rifles that was taken off the camels, and together we starts forward into those bitter cold mountainous parts and never a road broader than the back of your hand."

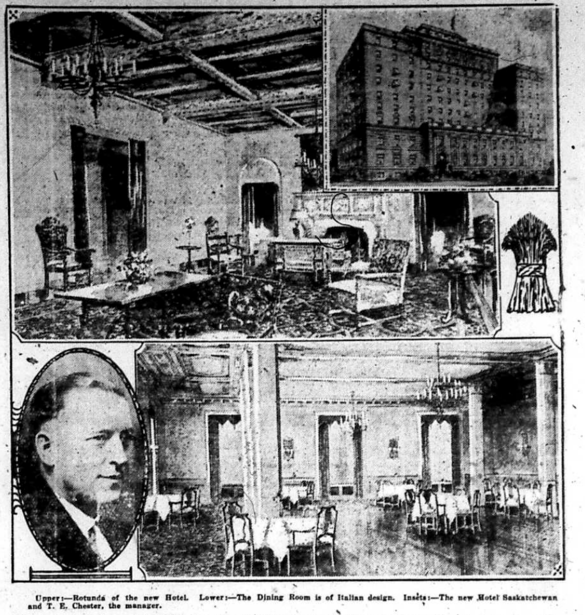
He paused for a moment while I asked him if he could remember the nature of the country through which he had journeyed.

"I am telling you as straight as I can, but my head isn't as good as it might be. They drove nails through it to make me hear better how Dravot died. We came to a big level valley all among the mountains, and the mules were near dead, so we killed them, not having anything in special for them or us to eat.

"Then ten men with bows and arrows ran down that valley, chasing twenty men with bows and arrows, and the row was tremenjus. They was fair men—fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkable well built. Says Dravot, unpacking the guns: 'This is the beginning of the business. We'll fight for the ten men.' And with that he fires two rifles at the twenty men and drops one of them at 200 yards from the rock where we was sitting. The other men began to run, but Carnehan and Dravot sits on the

(Continued on page 7)

New Hotel for Queen City of the Plains


Upper:—Rotunda of the new Hotel. Lower:—The Dining Room is of Italian design. Insets:—The new Hotel Saskatchewan and T. E. Chester, the manager.

One of the most beautiful buildings in Western Canada is the "Hotel Saskatchewan," Regina's new hotel, which was officially opened by E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific, on May 24. In it the architects have sought to provide the maximum of convenience and comfort for its guests and to obtain the most pleasing architectural effect.

Regina's need for a new hostelry has been felt keenly for some time, as the city's importance as capital of the province which furnishes 50 per cent. of the Dominion's wheat output, has been steadily increasing. The erection of a hotel in Regina was interrupted by the war, and the removal of the old steel structure less than a year ago, marked the first step towards the realization of Regina's dream of a new modern hotel, which at last has been brought about through the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Pleasing artistic effects have been achieved throughout the interior of the building. The public rooms, which are numerous and spacious, each have a character of their own. The Tea Room and Rotunda, for instance, have a Spanish atmosphere. The walls of the former are of antique mottled and decorated plaster with a base of stone and a carved stone mantel, while the ceiling is a wood rib and beam ceiling, painted and decorated.

One of the most comfortable and homelike rooms in the hotel is the library, situated on the first floor. The walls are of panelled wood with enclosed bookcases.

The exterior is no less beautiful than the interior. It is designed in Georgian style, the first two storeys being faced with Tyndale or Fossil stone quarried near Winnipeg. The main entrance is particularly striking with its tall Corinthian pilasters and arched windows.

There are 216 guest bed-rooms with baths, and space for 36 more on the two top floors of the building which, as yet, have not been finished.

On account of the nature of the soil, the hotel was erected on a reinforced concrete mat with structural steel plate girders embedded in the concrete. It is eleven storeys high and absolutely fire-proof.

Matches

Pine
Tree
Brand

3 Boxes

25c.

Webster's
Grocery
(Sign of Quality)

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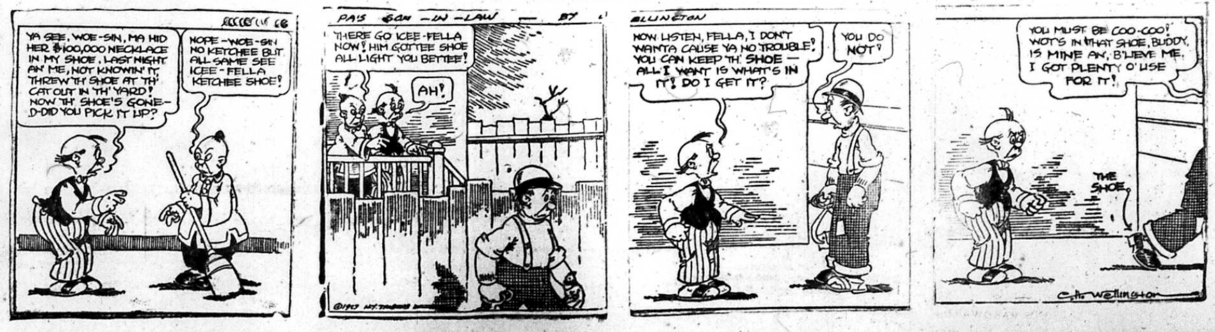
WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law


YA SEE, WOE-SIN, MA HID HER $100,000 NECKLACE IN MY SHOE. LAST NIGHT AN' ME, NOT KNOWIN' IT, THREW TH' SHOE AT TH' CAT OUT IN TH' YARD! NOW TH' SHOE'S GONE—D-DID YOU PICK IT UP?
NOPE—WOE-SIN NO KETCHEE BUT ALL SAME SEE ICEE-FELLA KETCHEE SHOE!
PA'S SON-IN-LAW — BY WELLINGTON
THERE GO ICEE-FELLA NOW! HIM GOTTEE SHOE ALL LIGHT YOU BETTEE!
AH!
NOW LISTEN, FELLA, I DON'T WANTA CAUSE YA NO TROUBLE! YOU CAN KEEP TH' SHOE — ALL I WANT IS WHAT'S IN IT! DO I GET IT?
YOU DO NOT!
YOU MUST BE COO-COO! WOT'S IN THAT SHOE, BUDDY, IS MINE AN', B'LIEVE ME, I GOT PLENTY O' USE FOR IT!
THE SHOE
C. H. Wellington

Peerless Poultry Fencing

We can supply you with any height from 3 to 8 feet of this strong, sturdy fence. No boards or top rails necessary. Five times as serviceable as netting. It gives your flock real protection. All styles of Peerless Farm, Poultry or Lawn Fence carried in stock.

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Napanee, Ont.

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Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us

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The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolaters, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges; also the Beach Electric Range.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

1 Barnet Refrigerator at a bargain.

1 6-tube Mohawk Radio.

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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Having a Large Stock of

Flour, Feeds, and Grain

A lot of damaged and wet Grain at

Sacrificed Prices

if taken at once.

All kinds of Grain and Seeds, and Hay, in car lots.

Also Frost Fencing and Gates.

Subscribers call for your Directory

Fred A. Perry

Opposite Campbell House

7-d

FREE!

One pair candlesticks given away with every 50c. tin Rogers' Brushing Lacquer. Easy to apply, dries in 30 minutes. All shades.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

LEAFS WIN ANOTHER

DEFEAT KINGSTON SUPREMES AGAIN.

On the evening of the holiday, May 24th, the evenly matched Kingston Supremes and Napanee Leafs engaged in another tussle in the Armouries, and for thrills the game was as fine as could be desired. Unfortunately there was one inning of bad ball served out by the locals, but their early lead was sufficient to give them a verdict, together with some hard hitting in the ninth.

Because of the holiday, four of the Napanee regulars were absent. But such is the strength of the team now wearing the blue and orange, that even with this handicap, nine players were put on the field and all were in their regular positions. Two of the players of the late Deseronto Ponies made their initial appearance as Leafs here, and their work was very well appreciated by the fans. Ivy Hopping appeared in centre field, and will be invaluable for outfield work this summer. She did not have a chance to show her fielding ability, as the only balls that reached her territory were those which glanced off the wall, making it impossible to field them, but at bat she fills a long felt want, for she is a real slugger. Last year she was second in the league for home runs, and when her swing is observed, it is not hard to see why. And in the absence of the second baseman, Violet Whitton performed at that position, and played it faultlessly. She is right into the game every minute, and tries for everything anywhere near, usually getting them. She is not so heavy a hitter as her team mate, but is even more accurate, and will be able to handle any pitching that is shown in the Bay of Quinte League. Lenore Fraser's batting was another sensation. In six trips to the plate she got four hits, and two of them were good for doubles or better on any field. It was her double in the ninth that really gave Napanee the game. Mildred Blackadder continues to show improvement with each appearance. She made one nice catch in left field and is commencing to hit. The rest of the team were the regulars, and performed in their usual manner, except for that terrible seventh inning, when everything went wrong. At the end of the sixth, Dorothy Johnston, pitching, was unlucky enough to have a ball hit her on the end of a finger, a very painful accident. She was in difficulty all the time for the next three innings, but was unwilling to quit, and it speaks volumes for her stoutheartedness that she was able to continue at all. Margaret Douglas, at first base was also hurt in a collision, but pluckily continued. Hael O'Neill played the best game at third that she has yet given, and was always dangerous at bat. Mary Stinson was the victim of a bad break on several occasions, particularly when she was struck by a batted ball glancing off the girders, and Marion Grass was of great assistance to the pitcher, handling everything in fine form, particularly a pop fly in the infield, which brought a great round of applause.

The locals gave the fans two double plays to talk about, one in the sixth, O'Neil to Whitton to Douglas, and a more spectacular one in the eigthth, by Dorothy Johnston ,unassisted, who made a spectacular catch and cut off the runner at first. It was thought that the score would be as one-sided as the recent games against Belleville teams for a while, as the Supremes were held to no hits for four innings, and at the end of the sixth, the score stood fifteen to two. Then three walks, three errors and four hits gave the visitors ten runs. The unassisted double play in the eighth held the Supremes to two runs there, but in the ninth, with the players all wavering, it seemed that the third batter would never be retired. When Napanee went to bat in their half of the last inning, the score stood 20-17 against them. Stinson led off with a single, and on the hit and run play was advanced to third by Vi. Whitton. O'Neill's single scored Stinson, and a hit by Marion Grass put runners on second and third. Then Lenore Fraser, slugger extraordinary, and probably the smallest and youngest player in organized ball, bounced a double off the far wall and drove two runs in to tie the score. She then proceeded to steal third, and scored the winning run off Johnston's sacrifice. It was a thrilling climax to a well fought game, and the crowd, not as large as usual, was delighted. The Kingston playeres were entertained in the Club Rooms after the game.

Supremes—M. Powell, r.f., M. Bates, ss, F. Sinclair, 3b, M. Allen 1b, E. Patterson, 2b, H. Pappas, c, I. Lambert, lf, P. Campbell, cf, D. Allen, p. M. Sinclair batted for Powell in seventh. Truesdale batted for Lambert in ninth.

Leafs—I. Hopping, cf, Margaret Douglas, 1b, M. Blackadder, lf, M. Stinson, ss, V. Whitton, 2b, H. O'Neill, 3b, M. Grass, c, L. Fraser, rf, D. Johnston, p.

Supremes.. 0 0 0 0 1 1 10 2 6—20
Leafs.......... 4 1 5 3 2 0 0 2 4—21

D. Allen and Pappas. Johnston and Grass.

No more games will be played in Napanee until the famous Seibedling Nationals of Toronto, intermediate champions, appear here in the evening of June 3rd. Two trips will be made to Kingston in the meantime ,to try to get the Leafs accustomed to an outdoor diamond. The Spring has been so backward that they have not yet been able to get on their regular diamond at Riverdale Park at all.

The fans have very generously come to the support of the management by offering to accommodate the Toronto players overnight while they are here, so that there are only two of them now unplaced. Anyone who can accommodate these girls is asked to communicate with Capt. Babcock or Lieut. Paul.

It is interesting to note that the Nationals have won their last eleven games, against some of the fastest teams in the country. Those who come to their game here are sure of a treat. Their line-up includes the following famous names: "Tiny" Seymour, Doris Tomlin, Edna Crawford, May Wands, Nancy Barr, "Babe" Booty, Kay Connacher, Nora Connacher, Marion Thaine, Emily Gault, Thelma Golden, Geraldine Stubensey and "Marge" Ellerby.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Public worship. Rev. F. A. Lawson, P.H.B., of Toronto, representing the Lord's Day Alliance, will preach.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

7 p.m.—Public worship. Rev. Waldo Smith, B.A., of Albert College, will preach.

Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Men's High Class English Kip and Box Calf Working Boots

Quality Exclusive

Imported direct from England

On Sale at

SEYMOURS'

JOHN ST., near Post Office and at DUNDAS ST.,
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"STILL SERVING"

The Red Cross
appeals to YOU for support

SINCE the War, the Red Cross has disbursed over Seven Million Dollars for the Soldiers, Women, Children and Frontier Families of Canada.

About half of this has been spent for disabled soldiers —half in the other services of the Society about which you have been told. The Treasury is almost empty.

$1,000,000 Needed Now for Red Cross Work

The Red Cross brings cheer to our disabled warriors and their families. It stimulates the children of Canada to healthy living and good citizenship. It relieves suffering, and brings skilled attention to Canada's frontier districts remote from other aid. Its work is indispensable.

It now appeals to YOU, as a patriotic and humane Canadian citizen, to contribute generously to its need for funds.

Nation-Wide Appeal 2
Canadian Red Cross Society

Send Contributions to:
Ontario Division, Canadian Red Cross Society,
410 Sherbourne Street, Toronto 5, Ontario

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

June 5th—Conference Sunday. Public Services withdrawn.

Roofing.

Use Johns-Mansville asbestos, asphalt, slate surfaced shingles and roll roofing. Will not burn or rot.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Election of Officers.

The semi-annual election of officers of Argyll Lodge, No. 212, I.O.O.F., took place on Thursday evening, when the following were elected:

J.P.G.—Bro. Authmire Pybus.
Noble Grand—Bro. Wm. Gault.
Vice Grand—Bro. A. Rogers.
Rec.-Sec'y—Bro. E. J. Walters.
Fin. Sec'y—Bro. H. M. Scott.
Treas.—Bro. F. S. Scott.

Bros. J. W Thompson and H. Roe were elected delegates to Grand Lodge, which meets in Toronto in June.

Lennox and Addington Baseball Schedule, 1927.

June 1—Adolphuston at Napanee.
June 3—Odessa at Newburgh.
June 8—Napanee at Odessa.
June 11—Odessa at Adolphustown.
June 15—Newburgh at Napanee.
June 18—Adolphustown at Newburgh.
June 22—Odessa at Napanee.
June 25—Newburgh at Odessa.
June 25—Napanee at Adolphustown.
June 29—Napanee at Newburgh.
July 6—Adolphustown at Newburgh.
July 6—Odessa at Napanee.
July 9—Napanee at Adolphustown.
July 9—Newburgh at Odessa.
July 13—Adolphustown at Napanee.
July 16—Odessa at Adolphustown.
July 20—Napanee at Newburgh.
July 20—Adolphustown at Odessa.
July 23—Newburgh at Adolphustown.
July 27—Odessa at Newburgh.
Aug. 3—Newburgh at Napanee.
Aug. 10—Napanee at Odessa.

Conveniet New Train Service to Points West of Toronto Via Canadian National Railways.

The popular fast afternoon train of the Canadian National Railways from Montreal to Toronto, the "Inter-City Limited," is now operating daily instead of daily except Sunday as heretofore This train, arriving Toronto 8.30 p.m., makes excellent connection with the New Toronto-Chicago train, the "Maple Leaf," leaving Toronto 8.55 p.m., arriving Chicago 10.15 a.m. following morning. It also provides convenient additional service from points east of Toronto, such as Brockville, Gananoue, Kingston, Napanee, Belleville, Trenton, Picton, Cobourg, Port Hope, Oshawa and Whitby, to points in Western Ontario, such as Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock and London. The "Inter-City Limited" carries a standard sleeping car Montreal to Chicago for the benefit of through passengers and a radio-equipped observation parlor car Montreal to London, which latter will be attractive to those not going further west. Both these cars operate on the "Maple Leaf" from Toronto. Tickets, reservations and further information may be secured from your nearest Canadian National Agent. 27-c

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Sparks' Three Ring Circus Coming to Belleville.

Sparks Circus, enlarged in every department this season, and carrying eight hundred people, five hundred horses, and the largest collection of trained wild animals in the world, is coming to Belleville Friday, June 10th. Giving the largest circus parade in the world, at 11 a.m. The name of Sparks Circus is a household word throughout America. Among the outstanding features of Sparks Circus this season is the greatest Liberty Horse Act in the world—the famous Sparks Rotation Horses, sixteen in number. No show before the public today has finer groups of wild animals than those carried b ySparks Circus this season. The three herds of elephants include a group of baby elephants, two of the herds being handled by ladies. Among the arenic stars are the famous bareback riders, the Riding Rooneys, from the New York Hippodrome; the Aerial Guices; Tom and Betty Waters, sensational wire artists; Sonny Brothers and the Sells Trio-Comedy acrobatic act; Flora Bedni, and a score of other lady aerialists. The three score clowns are headed by Paul Wenzel, the ma nwho has originated more laughable "walk-arounds" than any "joey" in the world. The closing feature is the mammoth historical pageant, "The Flag of America," written by Prof. DelVacho. Among the seven hundred human participants is a group of Siox Indians, permission for them to appear on tour with the Sparks Circus having been granted by the United States Government. For the convenience of patrons, seats may be secured Circus Day at Up-town ticket office at the same price as at the show grounds. Don't forget the date, Friday, June 10th, at Belleville.

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, JUNE 14th, 1927

at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, June 15th in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated May 31st, 1927.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Preacher Rev. Waldo Smith, of Albert College, Belleville.

11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.

6.30—Organ recital.

7.00 p.m.—Evening worship. Rev. Dr. Lawson, of the "Lord Day Alliance' 'will preach.

Sunday, June 12th—Sunday School Anniversary. Special preacher, Rev. Frank Langford, of Toronto.

Farmers! Why Not Try This Stunt?

Stella, May 23.—A strange phenomena is reported by a resident here. The person in question put fourteen turkey eggs under two Wyandotte hens. When the usual four weeks had expired the farmer was greatly surprised to find seventeen little turkeys in the two nests. Who can beat that?

Music Examinations.

The result of the examinations held by the Associated Board Royal College and Royal Academy of Music, London, England, have just been received, and the following Napanee students were successful:

Licentiate Diploma, solo performer of concert standard, Catherine F. Baird, L. A. B.

Intermediate Grade, Ralph Cowle, ; piano, Higher Division, Lois Stalker (honors).

Elementary Piano, Kathleen McCullough, Lonsdale; Howard Winter, Selby.

The examiner was Mr. Hylton J. Stewart, M.A., Mus. Doc. of Cambridge University, London, England. The many friends of these pupils will be pleased to learn of their success.

Interscholastic Track Meet.

The Interscholastic Track and Field Meet for the Kingston district, which is usually held in September, is taking place this year on next Friday, June 3rd. The winners in events here will compete in Toronto on September 2nd for the provincial championships. Napanee Collegiate Institute and Public School are once more sending down a strong team, and hope to maintain their past record of victories. The team has been training faithfully for some weeks and should be able to furnish strong opposition to all comers. The meet is to be held at Queen's University stadium on Friday, June 3rd, beginning at 2.30 p.m., dalight saving time. Admission is free and all who take in this series of events will find it time well spent. Transportation is urgently needed for the team and any of the friends of sport in Napanee who can provide accommodation for one or more members of the team will find their aid most heartily appreciated. Anyone able to help in this way will please notify Mr. Murray, at the Collegiate Institute at as early a date as possible, so that all plans may be made.

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MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDINGS
HOUSE PHONE 165 CENTRE ST. SOUTH OFFICE PHONE 30

Special Week for Golfers.

Starting on June 6th, an interesting week will be held here at the local club. Bill Brazier and Fred Rickwood, two well-known Professional Golfers, will spend the week here, giving lessons and lectures on Golf, and they will also have a complete line of golf clubs for sale. On Monday evening at 8 p.m., they will give a lecture on driving, at the Club House, and on Wednesday at 8 p.m., they will lecture on iron clubs. Don't miss these. On Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m., they will play an exhibition match, and the public are cordially invited to witness this exhibition game.

Social Evening.

A largely attended social evening was given by the members of St. Alban's congregation, in the Parish Hall, Adolphustown, on Saturday evening, May 28. We tried to make it bright and pleasant, though our hearts were heavy with the thought of parting with our dearly loved rector and his wife, Rev. Herbert and Mrs. Pringle. They were presented with an address and a handsome walnut dinner wagon, with accompanying tray of walnut and plate glass, made by the Gibbard Co., of Napanee. A program of readings, recitations and singing followed, with music furnished by the Hay Bay orchestra. At the close of the program, refreshment were served, and the dreaded good-byes said. Mr. and Mrs. Pringle go to Tyendinaga, where we hope their work will be appreciated as it has been here.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"SOMEWHERE IN SONORA," the new First National picture, produced by Charles B. Rogers, starring Ken Maynard, is an adaptation of the novel by Will Levington Comfort.

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"THE SHAMROCK HANDICAP" Peter B. Kyne's story about a heroic Irish Jockey, who rides an Irish race horse to victory on an American track, in spite of the fact that he is almost a helpless cripple.

Also a two reel comedy.
And a two reel Western.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

SELBY.

A large number attended the funeral of the late E. McAvoy at the Roman Catholic Church at Napanee, on Friday last.

Miss Florence Ballance, who underwent a serious operation in the General Hospital Kingston, is improving.

Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. B. Denison and Miss B. Hudgin attended the W.C.T.U. convention at Trenton last week.

The W.M.S. held a "social evening" at W. J. Winter's on Wednesday night.

B. Denison has improved his residence with a coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tummon and children spent a few days in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bradshaw and son, from the States, are visiting friends here.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings; and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me,'" John 14-23, 24; "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," John 14-27.

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Write for the College catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

dec-21

No Waste Heat

WHY THE BEACH HEATS SO QUICKLY AND AT LESS COST

Porcelain absorbs heat. Every coil that touches it means less speed in cooking. Only one coil in thirteen touches porcelain in the Beach.

THE Beach Electric Range wastes neither time nor fuel in heating because it concentrates on the cooking utensils. That's why it gives such rapid heat.

There is no delay, no long waiting, with a Beach. Dishes cook quickly because of its scientifically constructed element. Very little heat is absorbed by the range itself. The heat is focussed on the utensils.

And, in addition to its speed, the Beach element is noted for its durability and economy of fuel.

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Market Square - Napanee, Ont.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

The eighteenth annual Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention of Hastings, Lennox and Addington and Prince Edward met in King St. Church Trenton, on May 19th. A splendid gathering of delegates, representing the different unions of the Counties, united in opening exercises of the convention, and Dr. Laker, pastor of convention church, led in prayer. Excellent reports were given by the Superintendents of the different department, showing that throughout the year earnest, faithful work has been done and much has been accomplished in various departments. The memorial service was conducted by Mrs. Murdoff, Trenton. The noontide prayer was opened by Mrs. Graham, Trenton, and adjournment for dinner.

Thursday, 2 p.m.

The devotional exercises were in charge of Mrs. Farnsworth and Mrs. Baker.

Reading of minutes. Reports resumed.

Treasurer—Miss Reeves :

Receipts affiliation of 639 W. fees	$ 191 70
Receipts affiliation of 68 Y. fees	20 40
Donations of budget	311 35
Donations of County	137 50
Four Prov. life members	100 00
Donations to Prohibition Union	45 00
Total	$1065 20
Disbursements	883 71
Balance	$ 231 49

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Farley, reported 10 Unions with 561 members, 20 Honorary, raising $1660.80 ; 4 Y. Unions, with 66 members, and7 L. T. L.'s, with 158 members.

"Y" Secretary—There are 5 Y. Unions, with a membership of 91, and rasing $118.96. They have been using patriotic rolls.

L. T. L.—Mrs. Denison reported 15 L. T. L.'s, with 150 affiliated members. Total members, 453 ; pledges signed 140 ; raised $35.23, contributed $8.97 to budget and $2.50 to county funds. The banner was awarded to Selby this year. Hymn No. 25 was sung, then the Presidents of each Union told of work done by Miss Duff. They all spoke in glowing terms of her splendid work, speaking in schools, C. G. I. T. groups, Sunday Schools and her untiring efforts and interesting personality have done much to gain new members and inspire interest in our work. The Convention voted to have a letter of appreciation sent to Miss Duff, also an item put in "Tidings." A beautiful solo, "Day by Day," was sung by Mrs. Beale. Offering.

Mrs. McCaffrey, of Madoc, led a discussion on the subject, "Why it is more difficult to forward W. C.T.U. work than any other Societies." She based her remarks on answers to this question sent in by each Union. The main idea throughout was fear of work, sneer, loss of money, etc.

The President announced a "Y" Conference in Napanee this summer.

Mrs. Case next gave a demonstration of Travellers' Aid. She said it was preventative rather than reserve work. She also spoke of the menace of the automobile and only education of the girl herself, could protect her against the dangers. 68,000 girls disappear every year in the U.S.A. and in Canada, 10 every day.

Duties of Officers, by Mrs. Denison. Reading from page 252 of Annual Report. She outlined duties of each. Session closed with prayer by Miss Gandier.

Thursday evening, 8 p.m.

Devotional exercises by Dr. Laker. Anthem by choir. Presentation of prizes by Mrs. Baker, Belleville. Song No. 20.

Opinions of celebrated people and medical doctor's, led by Mrs. Miller, and found that alcohol is a poison, was a poison and always will be a poison, and should be put on the top shelf with all the other poisons. A beautiful solo by Mrs. Simmonds. Collection. Address by Rev. Stewart, of Belleville, Why are we driven from the field by iniquitous enemy. We must look the facts in the face and face them. We have a divided front, he said, and no army can stand up with a broken line. We do not know what we are voting for. Temperance is not Prohibition and Prohibition is what we want and evidently the majority of people want Temperance. We must scrap the word Temperance even from the name of our Union and accept prohibition instead. We must get men and women that vote for prohibition. We need an army that will face the enemy no matter how great it may be. If we can't take our churches with us on the battle field, then we must organize within the church. We want a party that will put Prohibition first and drop politics. If we want prohibition, then we must vote against man or woman no matter what their politics. We must stand up four square for the right, and throw the politics away. Prohibition we must have, for rich as well as poor. The boot-legger must be banished. Send him to the pen. for the rest of his life for breaking the law instead of fining and his business will go. If we can get the right kind of law makers its easy enough to put the brute alcohol down and keep him down. Many more good things were told us by Rev. Stewart. Hymn No. 49 was sung and Rev. Stewart closed with prayer.

Devotional exercises by Mrs. Seymore. Reports of Superintendents.

Scientific Temperance--Mrs. Baker spoke of splendid work done by Miss Duff and Selby won prizes for essay contest. Posters and blotters placed in schools. Our hope lies with the teachers to take up this work in the schols.

Travellers 'Aid—Mrs. Parks reported total assisted, 19. Thousands of soap wrappers collected and other good work done.

Anti-Narcotic — Mrs. Conway read a splendid paper on evils of drug habit. Selby distributed 100 leaflets. Napanee reports lantern slides and 900 leaflets distributed.

The result of Election of Officers was as follows :

Hon. Presidents—Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Rockwell, Mrs. Pearsall.

President—Mrs. N. B. Miller, Napanee.

1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Geo. Cole, Belleville,

Cor. Sec'y—Mrs. N. Farley, Belleville.

Rec. Sec'y—Mrs. A. D. Way, Picton.

Treasurer—Miss Maude Reeves Belleville.

Y. Sec'5y—Miss Helen Way, Picton.

L. T. L. Sec'y—Mrs. B. F. Denison, Selby.

The following Superintendents were elected. Five Vice Presidents at large as follows : Mesdames McCaffray, Case, Armstrong, Lockwood, Hatton,.

Evangelistc—Mrs. (Rev.) Seymore, Shannonville.

Anti-Narcotic—Mrs. Conway, Napanee.

Citizenship—Mrs. Knox, Picton

Exhibition and Fairs — Mrs. Pringle, Selby.

F. F. and Delicacy—Miss M. Steven, Picton.

Law Enforcement—Mrs. Loyst, Napanee.

L. W. R.—Mrs. E. F. Case, Picton.

Medal Contest—Mrs. Alyea, Belleville.

Press — Mrs. Wasson Cox, Bloomfield.

Parlor meeting—Mrs. McCaffray, Madoc.

Sec'y Temperance—Mrs. (Dr.) Baker, Belleville.

Soap Wrappers — Mrs. D. Thompson, Picton.

Travellers' Aid—Mrs. M. Parks Napanee.

Temperance in S.S.—Mrs. T. Blakely, Cherry Valley.

2 p.m.

Devotional exercises by Mrs. W. H. Vannest and Mrs. Wartman.

Report of Resolutions:

1. In view of the fact that the W.C.T.U. was born in the spirit of prayer, resolved that we emphasize the devotional part of our meetings and also the noontide hour of prayer by every member.

2. That all money from County, Provincial and National life memberships be accredited to the local Union to which the member belongs.

3. That recent events and the present situation in Canada call urgently for immediate action by the women of Canada, and we hereby declare ourselves to be whole heartedly behind only such legislation as looks toward prevention of the manufacture, importation and sale of spiritous liquors for beverage purposes.

4. That we urge the young people throughout the Province to rise and demonstrate their loyalty to the principles of total abstinence.

5. That we, as citizens, show our disapproval of beauty contests by upholding a higher moral status before our young women.

6. That, owing to the persistent effort of foreign publishers to make void the gain which prohibits the offering of indecent periodicals for sale. Resolved that we, as citizens, co-operate with the public health journal to drive worthless and dangerous magazines out of the province.

Mrs. M. Parks told of duties of county superintendents. At least twice a year they should write the local superintendent. She should keep written account of all work done. Mrs. Laker favored us with a delightful solo. A study of Report book. A local Union meeting put on by Mrs. Pringle, as President. Questions taken and answered by President. Press report by Mrs. E. R. Belyl, Temperance report in S. S., by Mrs. J. L. Wilson, Enterprise.

Report of Plan of Work:

1. As we consider the Evangelistic Department of the utmost importance, we recommend that as local Unions we emphasize the devotional part of our meetings and the daily noontide prayer by each member. Also the day and week of prayer and we do also emphasize the free distribution of literature.

2. That the Supts. in each Union, as soon as appointed, be called together to discuss their work and be responsible for their educational half hour.

3. We recommend that we stress the need of Executive meetings before the regular meeting.

4. That each Union will encourage the teaching of Scientific Temperance in the day schools and arrange for a Superintendent to look after the little White Ribboners.

5. We recommend that our women be more public spirited, taking greater interest in selections of Councillors, school boards, also representatives of Parliament.

6. We recommend that our Unions guard, guide and assist our Y'?, L.T.L.'s and Little White Ribboners. Recognizing that the hope of our country lies in the education of the children.

7. That we recommend our Unions to be more alert to watch the operations of the so-called new Liquor Control Law and study the subject carefully, using the clip sheet.

Meeting closed with singing "Blest be the Tie" and prayer by Miss Gandier.

Friday Evennig, 8 p.m.

Mrs. Hunter, of Belleville, opened the meeting with a sing song. Rev. C. B. Brethen conducted the devotional exercises. Little Footsteps drill by L.T.L., then Y. demonstration by the Y's, then a beautiful solo. Some small items of left out business was settled here. Hymn 52. Collection and address by Miss Gandier, on "Prayer." She said that prayer was getting into contact with God or talking with God, and He knows our needs better than we do and so answers the prayers that are for our good. The aim of prayer is to obtain the habit of goodness. Pray without ceasing. Keep so close to Christ we can speak to Him at any time and receive the help we need. God is our loving Father. He wants us to bring everything to Him and talk with Him over every fear and trouble. Pray for the coming of His kingdom before we pray for our own needs. A good Christain accomplishes more by secret prayer than by public works. Stress secret prayer. If Christ needed times of secret prayer, surely we poor, weak creatures need so much more. Get away from "saying" prayers and "pray." We can grow in prayer. Through prayer we can lay hold of God and though our faith is as small as a mustard seed we can remove mountains. Too much stress on money and not enough on prayer, for our prohibition work. Stir me, O stir me Lord, Thy heart was turned by loves intrinsic fire ; Thou didst give Thy only son. Thy best beloved One, even to the dreadful cross, that I might live. Stir me to give myself back to Thee. Thou canst give Thyself again through me.

Meeting closed with prayer by Dr. Laker.

Do your own washing ?

If so, it will pay you to try this Chinese Washing Fluid. From your druggist buy:—1 can Gillett's Flake Lye (be sure it's "Gillett's" and not a cheap imitation); ½ oz. Muriate of Ammonia; ½ oz. Salts of Tartar; 1 oz. Sulphate of Soda; dissolve in three gallons of water; keep in large glass bottle or stoneware jar. Use a cup of this fluid to each tub of water, allowing the clothes to soak over night. You'll be amazed at how little rubbing is needed to get clothes spotlessly clean and sweet-smelling, and it will not injure the finest fabrics.

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The Objects of Service Clubs

In practically all towns and communities there are now Service Clubs of various kinds, which, while perhaps devoting a great part of their energies to specific lines of endeavor, nevertheless have one outstanding predominating characteristic common to all. That is the establishing between man and man, whether competitor or not, whether rich or poor, whether of high or low degree in the community, a spirit of co-operation, good will and mutual helpfulness. It is becoming daily more evident that much more can be accomplished, and much better conditions established, if men will work in harmony ; if they will help and support each other ; if they will so conduct their affairs as to be reasonably fair to all with whom they may have business dealings.

The principle can best be exemplified, so far as business and professional men are concerned, by extending to each other in any community such business patronage as we may have to hand out, rather than to extend such favors to those from distant towns or cities. Give to your home business houses all the patronage you possibly can.

When in need of printed matter of
any kind, consult

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

THE DRUNKEN DRIVER.

A controversy has developed between the Police Magistrate at Belleville and one of that city's newspapers over the question of sentencing individuals convicted of driving a motor car while under the influence of liquor, and while The Examiner has no desire to project itself into a private fight, we are forced to declare our opinion, that there should be only one policy in regard to such offenders, and that is to take away from them the privilege of handling an automobile.

With traffic conditions as they are, it is too dangerous a risk to take, to allow a man who has tried to drive a car while drunk to sit at the wheel again.

That may seem too drastic a punishment, but it must be remembered that it would be safer to arm a drunken man with a loaded rifle and start him out on the street for target practice, than to trust such a man with an automobile.

A driver must be on the alert and have all his wits about him to avoid accidents under the present traffic conditions ; an intoxicated driver is a menace to every other motorist and to every pedestrian on the street.

If the public is to be protected those why try to mix gasoline and liquor will have to be prevented from repeating the experiment.

Always fresh ! Your favorite Laura Secord Candy, direct from the Toronto studia, at Wallace's, 60c. a lb.

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

MEMBERS OF THE QUEBEC CONFERENCE, OCTOBER, 1864

F. Palmer · F. B. T. Carter · R. B. Dickey
Hewitt Barnard (Secy.) · Ambrose Shea · John A. Macdonald · Peter Mitchell · W. H. Pope · J. M. Johnson
W. A. Henry · E. B. Chandler · Adams G. Archibald · George E. Cartier · Thomas H. Haviland · J. H. Gray · A. A. Macdonald
Charles Fisher · George Coles · J. C. Chapais · Sir Etienne Paschal Taché · Alex. T. Galt · J. Cockburn · William McDougall · J. McCully
W. H. Steeves · John Hamilton Gray · Alexander Campbell · Hector L. Langevin · Oliver Mowat · Thomas D'Arcy McGee
Edward Whalen · Samuel L. Tilley · George Brown · Charles Tupper

GEORGE BROWN

George Brown was in many ways the most striking figure that played a part in the political life of Upper Canada. He was a Scot, having been born in Alloa, near Edinburgh, on November 29, 1818. In 1833 he emigrated with his father, Peter Brown, to the United States, where they founded, in 1842, the British Chronicle in New York. On a trip to Toronto in the interests of this paper George Brown became deeply impressed with Upper Canada, and 1843 he and his father came to Toronto, where they founded the Banner, which, in the following year, gave place to the Globe, with George Brown as editor and guiding spirit. By the vigour of his style and the uncompromising attitude on public questions he became a force in the land and the Globe won, and long held the first place in Canadian journalism ; indeed, it dominated the thought and moulded the views of the majority of the counties of Upper Canada.

In 1851 George Brown was elected to the Legislative Assembly, his platform being : control over the executive, religious equality, a national system of education free from sectrian bias, an amended jury law, improved assessment, and cheap postage. He, more than any other man, achieved a full measure of responsible Government for the Canada's. He at once became a power in Parliament. In 1858 he caused the defeat of the Macdonald-Cartier Government and was called on to form a ministry. But the Brown-Dorion administration was immediately defeated on a vote of want of confidence and Brown once more found himself in opposition.

Much has been written to prove that this or that man was the prime force in bringing about Confederation. George Brown played an essential part in the movement. In 1858, he suggested to Luther Holton a comprehensive union as the remedy for the unstable position of government in the Canadas. "A federal union, it appears to me," he wrote, "cannot be entertained for Canada alone, but must include all British America." At a convention in Toronto, in 1856, he advocated the adoption of the federal principle. In 1864, he was chairman of a committee on constitutional changes and reported on the application of the federative system to Upper and Lower Canada alone, or to the whole of British North America. John A. Macdonald was one of three on the committee who dissented.

The Tache-Macdonald Government now went down to defeat. Brown could have formed a government, but he had produced a "deadlook" and instead of taking over the reins of government he arranged for the formation of a coalition, by means of which Confederation was brought about. He retired from the Coalition Government in 1865, when he saw that Confederation was certain of achievement.

In 1867, in the first Dominion election, he was defeated and henceforward showed no desire to re-enter Parliament. But in the columns of the Globe he continued to mould and fashion Liberal opinion. In 1875 he was offered the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, but, the editorship of the Globe was not compatible with such an office, and he would not surrender the Globe for a kingship. He was twice offered knighthood, but declined.

On March 25, 1880, in his sixty-second year and in the full vigour of his manhood, he was shot by Gordon Bennett, a discharged employee of the Globe. He might have recovered from the wound, but, contrary to the advice of his physicians, he continued to do his work in his chamber, and, largely as a result, died on May 9.

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CANADA'S THREE SCORE YEARS OF NATIONHOOD

The production of foodstuffs must always remain Canada's basic industry. This is ensured by her very immensity, the fertility of her soil, and the bounty of Nature which decrees the variations of frost and snow, sunshine and rain necessary for the growth of fruit, grain and vegetables unrivalled the world over. In the item of wheat alone the year of Confederation saw a crop of 10,323,873 bushels for the entire territory now known as the Dominion of Canada ; last year the total production of wheat was 406,269,000 bushels !

In the last 60 years the development of machinery has made farm work much less laborious. In 1867 the cutting of grain by machinery was comparatively new, and the machines then in use were crude and unwieldy. In that year a Canadian company produced the hand-rake reaper, shown in Mr. Jeffrey's sketch, which was far superior to any which was manufactured before. On many a farm of that day the entire grain crop was cut by the old-fashioned cradle. An expert cradler, followed by a man with a wooden rake, who raked the windrows into sheaves and bound them with a wisp of straw, could harvest three to four acres a day. Nowadays a power-driven reaper-thresher which cuts a 15-foot swath and carries a crew of two men, can cut and thresh 40 acres in a day ! The artist shows the old and new methods, together with another labor-saving device—a modern tractor.

Partners of the Tide

...By...
JOSEPH C. LINCOLN,
Author of "Cap'n Eri"

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The younger sister entered the room, her poplin rustling and every curl in place. She gushingly shook the captain's hand and said she was so glad to see him.

"Oh, Tempy," cried Miss Prissy, "jest look at this lovely fan Cap'n Titcomb brought me! Did you ever see anything so pretty?"

Miss Tempy exclaimed over the fan, but somehow her enthusiasm seemed a little forced. It may be the captain noticed this; at any rate, he picked up the second parcel and handed it to her, saying:

"Here's a little somethin' I brought for you, Tempy. I don't know's you'll like it, but"—

Miss Tempy's present also was a fan precisely like the other except that the tassel was pink. Miss Prissy's interest in her sister's gift was intense, but when it was discovered that in no important point were the fans dissimilar and that neither was better than its mate both of the ladies appeared to be a trifle disappointed, although they tried not to show it.

"We're so glad you've come, cap'n," said Miss Prissy, after the fans were laid on the table. "We've got so many things to talk to you about, and we want to ask your advice. Bradley, don't you think you'd like to go out into the dinin' room a little while?"

The boy, acting upon this decided hint, went into the dining room, and Miss Prissy shut the door after him.

"Now, Cap'n Titcomb," she began, "I s'pose you were awfully surprised to hear we'd took a boy to bring up? Well, you ain't any more surprised than we are to think we should do such a thing. But it seemed as if we jest had to or else give up bein' Christians altogether. I'll tell you how it was."

And she did tell him, beginning with the exact relationship between Bradley's mother and the Allens, expatiating upon the shiftlessness of the boy's father and how he "never saved a cent," nor even took out an insurance policy to provide for his son in case of his own death.

"But, mercy me," she exclaimed, lifting her hands, "what on earth we'll do with a boy is more'n I know. What shall we do?"

"Bring him up in the way he ought to go, I guess," replied the captain calmly. "Send him to school first thing. How is he off for clothes?"

"Hasn't got any that are fit for anything but the rag bag," replied Miss Prissy with decision. "And that's another thing. Who's goin' to buy 'em for him? I'm sure I don't know what a boy needs to wear any more than a cat."

"Here's a little somethin' I brought for you, Tempy."

"I'll buy his fit out, if you want me to," said the captain. "Take him down to Weeks' store right now, if you say the word."

"Oh, I wish you would. You pay Mr. Weeks, and I'll pay you."

They pressed the captain to stay for dinner, or at least to return for that meal, but he declined, promising, however, to dine with them before he went back to his vessel.

"Come on, Brad," he said, entering the dining room; "you and me's goin' on a cruise downtown."

Bradley put on the shabby overcoat and cap for the last time and walked down to the back gate and along the sidewalk with the captain.

Meanwhile Miss Tempy, seated in the rocker by the window and holding a fan in each hand, was examining them with the greatest care.

"Prissy," she said at last in a solemn tone, "they're jest exactly alike."

"Yes," said her sister, with a stifled sigh, "they're jest alike."

CHAPTER III.

IN "Weeks' store" was to be found an assortment of wares ranging from potatoes and razors to molasses and ladies' dress goods. Somewhere within this extensive range was a limited supply of what Mr. Weeks' advertisement in the Item called "Youths', Men's and Children's Clothing In Latest Styles at Moderate Prices." The styles were "late"—about a year late—and the prices were moderate when the lengthy period of credit given to customers is taken into consideration.

Captain Titcomb, exchanging greetings with the half dozen loungers by the stove, whose business there was, as Mr. Weeks himself said, "to swap bad tobacco smoke for heat," passed to the rear of the store, followed by Bradley. There he proceeded to select an entire outfit for the boy calculated to clothe him in successive layers from the skin outward. When the pile of garments on the counter was complete the captain and Mr. Weeks entered into a lengthy argument concerning price. There was a "Sunday hat" involved in the transaction, and about this piece of headgear the battle waged fiercest.

"It's too much money, Caleb," said the captain finally. "I guess I'll try the New York store. Tom Emery's always treated me fair enough, and I'll give him a chance. Come on, Brad."

"I'll take off a quarter on the suit," conceded the storekeeper, who was loath to see so much custom go to a rival.

"No," was the reply, "that ain't enough to amount to anything. Tell you what I'll do, Caleb. Throw in that Sunday hat and I'll take the lot and pay you cash for it and run my risk of gittin' the money."

So the bargain was concluded on that basis. Bradley retired to the back room and emerged clothed in his new garments and tremendously conscious of the fact. The captain said he looked so fresh that you could "smell the paint on him."

"Say, Caleb," said "Squealer" Wixon after Captain Titcomb and his protege had left the premises, "did Ez tell you who that boy was?"

"No, he didn't. I hinted two or three times, but he wouldn't say."

"Well, I'll tell you. 'Twas the old maids' boy—Ben Nickerson's son. Barney said he brought him over in the coach last night."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the chopfallen Mr. Weeks. "Well, if that ain't enough to— Ez made me throw in a hat that was wuth a dollar 'n' a ha'f 'cause he said he'd pay cash for everything and take his chance of gittin' his money back. And Prissy and Tempy always pay cash for everything. Reg'lar Titcomb trick!"

The loafers about the store roared with delight.

"Oh, I tell you," remarked "Squealer," "you've got to keep your weather eye peeled when you're dealin' with Cap'n Ez. He'll have you, head and scales, if you ain't careful."

"That's all right," grumbled "Bluey" Bacheldor, "but he'll git fetched up all standin' some of these days. You can call him smart if you want to, but it's pretty risky smartness, most folks think. You notice his schooner's always makin' record trips, and he's always havin' presents give him and all that. How many presents did you have give to you, Cap'n Jabez, when you was runnin' a coaster?"

"Not a one," indignantly replied the person addressed, Captain Jabez Bailey. "Not a one. What I got I had to work for."

It may be that Captain Jabez overworked during his sea experiences. Certainly no one in Orham had known him to do a stroke of work since he retired to live on his wife's earnings as a dressmaker.

"Well," commented Captain Eri Hedge, who was not a member of the circle, but had dropped in to buy some tobacco, "I like Cap'n Ez. He does love to git the best of a bargain, and he's a 'driver' on a vessel, and perhaps he likes to shave the law pretty close sometimes. Ez is a reg'lar born gambler for takin' chances, but I never knew him to do a mean trick."

"What do you call that game he put up on the old maids?" asked "Squealer." "You knew 'bout that, didn't you, Jabez? Seems Prissy and Tempy wanted to sell that little piece of cranb'ry swamp of theirs 'cause it didn't pay them to take care of it and keep it in shape. Prissy told Seth Wingate about it, and Seth said he didn't want it, but that he'd give them so and so—a fair price, consid'rin'. Well, they was goin' to sell it to Seth, but Ez comes home 'bout that time, hears of the deal and goes to Prissy and buys it for $50 mor'n Seth offered. And inside of three months along comes that Ostable company and buys all that land for their big swamp. They say Titcomb made more'n a hundred dollars out of that deal. If you don't think that's a mean trick, Cap'n Eri, you ask Seth Wingate what he thinks of it."

"I know about that," said Captain Eri calmly, "and I think it was jest another case of Ez's takin' chances, that's all. Seth's growlin' is only sour grapes. Ez knew the Ostable folks was talkin' 'bout layin' out a big swamp over here some time or other. He jest bought the Allen piece and run his risk. You notice Prissy and Tempy ain't findin' no fault. They think he's the only man in town. Fact is, he is the only man, outside of the minister, that they'll have any dealin's with. Queer pairin' off that is—Ez and the minister!" he chuckled.

"Oh, women's fools, anyhow," snorted Captain Jabez savagely. "Ez Titcomb always could wind 'em' 'round his fingers. He's been next door to keepin' comp'ny with more girls'n a few in this town sence he was old enough to leave school, but he don't go fur enough to git engaged or nothin' like that. Minute there's any talk that he's likely to git married to one of 'em away goes Ez, and that's the end of that courtin'. And yet, spite of their talk 'bout his bein' slick and hints that he's tricky they're always heavin' up to a feller, 'How smart Cap'n Titcomb is,' and 'Why don't you make money same as Cap'n Ezry?' 'Nough to make an honest man sick."

Captain Eri made his purchases and went home, but the others continued to dissect Ezra Titcomb's character, and the general opinion seemed to be that he would "bear watchin'."

Meanwhile the captain, unconscious of all this, piloted Bradley to the corner of the road upon which the Allen sisters lived, and there left him with a message to the effect that he (the captain) would call next day. Then he sought his room at the "Traveler's Rest," there to read the paper of the day before, while the boy, with his big bundle of old clothes and new "extras," walked homeward alone.

The Allen house was on the "lower road," and to reach it you turned the corner just above "Web" Saunders' billiard room and went on past "Lem" Mullett's stable, and the Methodist "buryin' ground"—the sects in Orham cannot, apparently, agree even after they are dead, for each denomination has its separate cemetery—past the late Captain Saunders' estate and on up the hill overlooking the bay. Bradley had just reached the little house next door to the Allens, when, through the side gate of its yard, there darted a small, ragged looking dog, barking as if it went by steam. It was followed by a big dog, also barking, and this in turn was followed by another and still another. None of the animals was handsome and none looked as if it was good for much except to bark, but each seemed to feel that it was its special duty to devour the boy before the others got a chance at him. On they came, a noisy procession, growling and snapping.

Bradley put down his bundle and looked about for a stone, but the snow covered the road, and there were no stones in sight. He poised himself on one foot and held the other ready for a kick. The dogs formed a circle about him and the racket was blood curdling.

Out of the gate darted a slim girl in a red dress, brandishing a broom.

"They won't hurt you!" she screamed, running to the rescue. "Stop it, Peter! Be quiet, Rags! Go home, Tuesday! Winfield, I'll give it to you!"

The dogs dodged the broom and retired to a safe distance, wagging their tails and doing their best to indicate that they were only making believe anyhow. Winfield, the small dog that had led the attack, was the most persistent, and he snapped at the broom in high glee, evidently considering that it was waved for his particular amusement.

"They got away before I could stop 'em," panted the girl. "Grandma's gone to the store, and I went out in the woodshed to play with 'em, and they bounced out of the door first thing. They don't mean anything; they're just full of it, that's all."

"I wasn't scared," said Bradley. "I didn't believe they'd bite. I like dogs."

"Do you?" said the girl eagerly. "So do I. Grandma says she does, too, in moderation. The old maids don't though. Oh, I forgot. You're the old maids' boy, ain't you? I saw you out in their yard with Miss Prissy this mornin'."

"Yes, I saw you too. You live in here, don't you?"

"Um-hum. Oh, my goodness! I haven't got any rubbers on, and grandma said if I got my feet wet today she didn't know but she'd skin me. I must go right back and dry 'em before she comes. I've had a cold; that's why I ain't to school. How'll I ever get these dogs in?"

"I'll help you if you want me to," volunteered Bradley.

"Will you? That's splendid. Come on!"

Bradley carried his bundle to the back steps of the little house and then returned to assist at the dog catching. It wasn't an easy operation, but a tin dish scientifically rattled by his new acquaintance tempted all but the wary Winfield, and a bone finally decoyed the latter inside the woodshed, and the door was slammed and bolted upon the humbugged pack.

"There," exclaimed the girl, "that's all right! I hope grandma won't notice the tracks in the snow. If she's only forgot her glasses it's all right. Now come into the kitchen till I put my feet in the oven. What's your name?"

"Bradley Nickerson. Most folks call me Brad."

"That's a good name. My last name's Baker. I hate my first one—it's Augusta. Ain't that the worst? Grandma calls me 'Gusty.' Ugh! You can call me 'Gus' if you want to. It sounds more like a boy's name. I wish I was a boy."

"Why?"

"Oh, because a boy can do things and doesn't have to be 'ladylike.' If I was a boy nobody would think it was funny for me to like dogs, and I could have as many as I wanted."

"I should think you had a good many now. Where did you get 'em all?"

"Oh, just found 'em. Rags came here one day himself. I call him Rags because he looks as if he was all ravelin's. And Peter, the blacksmith gave to me. Said I could have him if I'd get him out of his sight. He sort of named himself. And Tuesday was named that because I found him on Tuesday when I was on a picnic over to East Harniss. And Winfield—he's the newest one—came on Cap'n Burgess' fishing schooner and nobody wanted him, so they gave him to me. I named him Winfield because his face looks like our schoolteacher, Winfield Scott Daniels; hateful old thing! Wouldn't he be mad if he knew I named a dog after him! You're goin' to school, ain't you?"

"I s'pose so. They haven't said anything about it yet."

"I hope you will. You'll be upstairs, of course."

"Upstairs" means, in Orham, the grammar and higher grades. "Downstairs" is the primary department. Bradley answered that he supposed he should be "upstairs." He was just beginning to go "upstairs" in Wellmouth.

"How do you like the old maids—Miss Prissy and Tempy, I mean? Ain't they awful strict?"

"I don't know; I haven't been with 'em long enough to find out. They're mighty clean, ain't they?"

"Oh, dreadful! And they don't like a noise, and they don't like dogs, and they don't like me. They call me the 'dog girl;' I heard 'em. One time I went in there for granuma, and Tuesday and Peter followed me, and, first thing you know, they tracked mud all over the dinin' room. My, but wasn't Miss Prissy mad! But you just ought to have seen that floor," she chuckled.

Bradley thought of the spotless oilcloth and appreciated the situation. In the course of the conversation that followed he learned that Gus was an orphan, like himself, and that she lived there alone with her grandmother. Suddenly the girl snatched her steaming shoes out of the oven to run to the window.

"I thought I heard the gate shut," she exclaimed. "Yes, it's grandma. P'raps you'd better dodge out of the other door. She'll ask questions and find out about my feet if you don't. Goodby. P'raps I'll see you at school tomorrow."

Bradley picked up his bundle—he had brought it in with him—and slipped out of the side door, presenting himself a moment later in the glory of his new clothes to the critical gaze of the old maids.

When Bradley started for school the next day his head was ringing with instructions from the old maids concerning his behavior and attention to his studies.

"Now, be a good boy, Bradley," said Miss Prissy.

"Yes, Bradley," said Miss Tempy. "Remember, we expect a great deal of you. All our people have been smart scholars."

"Just as he turned into the main road he heard some one calling and turned to see his acquaintance of yesterday, the girl next door, running to catch up, her hood slipped back from her hair and a dented tin pail in her hand. Being a girl, Gus [illegible] her noon luncheon during [illegible] winter months instead of coming home to eat it.

On the way to school they met another girl, whom Gus introduced as Clara Hopkins, a chum of hers. "She's tiptop. I sit with her. She's got most as many checks as I have," was her recommendation.

Upstairs at the schoolhouse was a large room, with rows of double desks on each side and a wide aisle in the center. One side of the aisle was the girls' side, and the other was for the boys. Mr. Daniels stiffly shook hands with the new scholar, asked him some questions concerning his progress in his studies and showed him where he should sit. The more advanced pupils occupied the desks at the rear of the room, and the younger ones—Bradley among them—sat in front. Bradley's seat mate was an older boy than he, rather good looking, with curly hair. His name, so he whispered before school began, was Sam Hammond.

At recess Bradley went out on the playground for a little while, but he felt rather lonesome among so many strangers and so returned to the schoolroom. It was empty, the teacher taking his customary "constitutional" in the yard. After a few minutes Gus came bounding in.

"Why, Brad," she exclaimed, "where've you been? I've been lookin' for you. Why didn't you come on out?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the boy. "I don't know any of the fellers yet."

"Well, you're goin' to know 'em. Oh, my goodness! Winfield!"

The stub tailed dog sat panting at her feet, three inches of red tongue hanging from its mouth.

"You naughty, naughty dog!" cried Gus almost in tears. "How dare you! Go home this minute!"

"Go home, Winfield!" commanded Bradley, coming to the rescue.

Winfield had gone home by the shed route already that morning and didn't propose to do it again. When his mistress tried to catch him he retreated to a safe distance and wagged his tail.

"Oh, what shall we do?" wailed Gus. "Recess is 'most over, and if Mr. Daniels finds him here I don't know what'll happen!"

Bradley made a dash at the dog, and the latter started on the run about the room. At length they drove him out the "boys' door" at the other side. Finally, being penned in with both doors shut and thoroughly frightened, he dashed into the closet which was between the doors, and hid behind the wood box.

"Now," said Gus exultantly, "you watch that he don't get out, and I'll crawl in after him. Oh, my goodness, there's Mr. Daniels comin' now!"

The cowhide boots of the teacher were heard on the stairs. Bradley, in desperation, shut the closet door upon the imprisoned Winfield. Mr. Daniels stepped to the rope in the entry and gave it a pull. The bell above responded with a single note, and the scholars began to pour up the stairs.

"We will come to order," commanded the teacher. Bradley, glancing across the aisle at Gus, saw that she was as white as the whitewashed wall.

"First class in arithmetic," said Mr. Daniels, and then from the closet came a long, dismal whine. The first class in arithmetic stopped in its tracks and looked aghast. The whole school, with two exceptions, picked up its ears. The exceptions trembled.

"Ow-wow-wow!" came from the closet. Mr. Daniels strode across the floor and opened the door.

"Whose dog is this?" he demanded sternly.

No one answered.

"Come out of that!" commanded the teacher savagely. He reached behind the wood box and, seizing the cowering Winfield by the scruff of the neck, tossed him into the room. "Whose dog is this?" he repeated.

Most of the scholars knew whose dog it was, but none of them told.

"I asked a question!" thundered the master. "Who put that—that creature in the closet?"

Bradley looked at his fellow conspirator. Then he held up his hand. "I did," he said.

Mr. Daniels' mouth opened in surprise. New pupils did not usually begin in this way.

"You did?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir. He fol— I mean he came into the room when 'twas recess, and we—I tried to put him out, and he wouldn't go."

"[illegible] you shut him in the closet. Brilliant youth! As this is your first day here, I suppose I must stretch a point and believe it was not done on purpose. If it had been any other of the scholars I should have made an example of 'em. I am surprised that you should treat your little brother" (appreciative titter from the school) "in such a manner. You may put him out."

It was easy enough to command, but not so easy to do. The dog, frightened at the crowd, backed away when Bradley approached.

"Come here, Winfield," said the boy, his face a bright crimson. The school giggled at the name.

"Winfield?" repeated Mr. Daniels. "Why that name, if you please?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"You don't know?"

"No, sir." And then the boy had a happy thought. "He's named after Gen'ral Hancock, I guess."

General Winfield Scott Hancock, in his role of statesman, was very much in the public eye just at this time.

Mr. Daniels hesitated. He more than suspected the dog's real namesake, but he wasn't sure and, being a weak man, was afraid of making a mistake.

"Well, put the creature out!" he snarled, and then, losing his temper and aiming a kick at the dog, he commanded, "Git out, you brute!"

That kick was a mistake. Winfield wasn't used to kicks, and this one scattered his doggish senses completely. He started on a panicky, yelping flight, hotly pursued by Bradley. Down the aisle by the "boys' side," across the back of the room among the feet of the "first class in arithmetic" and up the aisle by the "girls' side" sped the chase. At the end of the second lap the entire school was in an uproar. Mr. Daniels, white with rage, took a hand in the pursuit, and his efforts and those of two or three more volunteers only made matters worse.

At length the dog, hemmed in on both sides, hesitated in the middle of the broad aisle. Suddenly he darted toward the closet once more. Mr. Daniels leaped to intercept him, tripped, struck the stool upon which the bucket of drinking water was placed and sprawled upon the floor in the center of a miniature flood, while Winfield, leaping over him, darted through the entry and down the stairs, a shrieking maniac.

The dripping Mr. Daniels was physically cool, but mentally very warm indeed. "Checks" were distributed with liberality and two boys were "ferruled" before 12 o'clock came. One of these sufferers was Bradley's seat mate, Sam Hammond.

Bradley went home alone. When the old maids asked him innumerable questions concerning how he "got along" at school he simply answered, "All right," and gave no details. Miss Tempy was somewhat worried at his silence and confided to her sister the fear that he had been "studyin' too hard." "All our people have been dreadful keen students," she said.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when the boy re-entered the school yard. As he did so a shout went up from a group near the fence.

"Here he is!" yelled one of the older boys. "Here's your beau, Gus. He won't let 'em plague his girl, you bet!"

"No," shouted Sam Hammond, "Gusty's all right now, ain't she? He'll take care of her.

> "Gusty had a little dog;
> Its fleece was black's a crow"—

"You shut up!" screamed Gus, breaking from the circle and stamping her foot savagely. Her face was red, and there were tears in her eyes.

"It followed her to school one day," continued the tormentor.

"What's the matter, Gus?" asked Bradley, coming up.

"Haw, haw!" laughed Sam gleefully. "I told you so. Bradley 'll take care of her.

> "Bradley Nickerson, so they say,
> Goes a-courtin' night and day;
> Sword and pistol by his side,
> And Gusty Baker 'll be his bride.

"What's the matter, Gus?" he added mockingly.

"What is the matter?" repeated Bradley.

"None of your bus'ness!" snapped Gus, who was in no mood to be friendly with any one. "You jest wait, Sam Hammond! I'll fix you! Got whipped in school! Ha, ha! Cry baby!" And she gave an exaggerated imitation of her enemy's facial contortions during the "feruling" that morning.

"Come on, Gus," interposed Clara Hopkins. "He isn't worth talkin' to. Come on, I've got somethin' to show you."

Gus reluctantly suffered herself to be led away amid the derisive hootings of Sam and his friends.

"Ain't you goin' with her?" asked Sam provokingly. "She wants her Braddy, so's to take care of her if Winfield comes to school again."

Mr. Daniels tripped.

Bradley's temper was slow to rise, but it was rising now.

"Who are you talkin' to?" he demanded.

"You. Who do you s'pose?"

"Well, you'd better shut up."

"I had? S'pose I don't want to?"

"Then I'll make you—that's what!"

"You will?"

"Yes, I will."

"You ain't the size. Takes a man, not a monkey."

"I'll show you whether I'm the size or not."

"You will?"

"Aw, gee!" said one of the bigger boys. "I wouldn't take that from no Wellmouth kid, if I was you, Sam."

"Nor I, neither," said another.

Thus encouraged, Sam bristled up to his opponent and looked down at him sneeringly. Bradley didn't give way an inch, and the two boys rubbed jackets as they moved slowly about each other. The surrounding group looked delightedly expectant.

"Stop your shovin'!" commanded Sam, giving his enemy a push with his shoulder.

"Stop yourself," said Bradley, pushing back.

"I'll put a head on you so's the old maids won't know you."

"I'll make you snivel worse 'n you did in school this mornin'."

"Well, Sam," exclaimed a spectator in huge disgust, "'fore I'd take that!"

The Hammond boy did not really want to fight, but, thus goaded, he suddenly gave Bradley a violent push with both hands. The next instant both youngsters were clasped tightly together, gripping each other about the neck and wrestling savagely. In a moment they fell with a thump and rolled over and over, pounding, kicking and scratching. The snow flew, and the crowd whooped and pushed and strained to see better.

Then there was a rush, a frightened scurry, and both combatants were pulled apart and jerked to their feet, while Mr. Daniels, holding each by the coat collar, glared down upon them.

"You may come with me," he said, with chilling calmness.

The scene in the schoolroom that followed was brief, but exciting. Bradley held out his hand and bit his lip stubbornly while the ferule descended—once, twice, twelve times.

"There!" said the teacher. "Now, you may take your seat. For a new scholar you begin extremely well. Now, Samuel!"

The Hammond hand having received its share of beating and its owner also sent to his seat, Mr. Daniels said: "Both of you will lose your afternoon recess. I shall also give each of you a note, telling of your punishment, to take home."

At half past 4 that afternoon Bradley, with the note tightly clasped in his hand, walked dismally up the walk to the Allen back door. The thought that he had disgraced himself forever in the eyes of his protectors burned like a fire under his new cap; also there was a bitter feeling that Gus, the cause of all his trouble, had not been near him to console or ask pardon.

It was typical of the boy that he had not thought of destroying the note. He handed it to Miss Prissy the moment he opened the door. She read it and sat heavily down in the chintz rocker.

"My soul and body!" she wailed. "Tempy Allen, come here this minute! Here, for mercy's sake, read this!"

Miss Tempy's agitation was even more marked than that of her sister.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, waving the condemning sheet of paper like a distress signal. "How could you? How could you? I don't b'lieve a relation of the Allens was ever whipped in school before. What shall we do, Prissy? And his first day too!"

Bradley, with direful thoughts of self destruction in his mind, twisted his new cap into a ball, but said nothing.

"He says you were fightin' and there was somethin' else," said Miss Prissy. "Tell the whole story now—every word."

The boy began slowly. He told of shutting the dog in the closet, but was interrupted by the older sister, who demanded to know whose dog it was.

"Whose was it?" she asked. "Why don't you answer? Don't you know?"

"Yes'm."

"Then whose was it?"

Bradley shifted his feet uneasily on the mat.

"I ain't goin' to tell," he muttered sullenly.

"Ain't goin' to tell? Why, I nev"—

She was interrupted. The door behind Bradley flew open, and Gus appeared, tearful, but determined.

"Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy," she began, "don't you scold Bradley—don't you, now, a bit! It was all my fault, every mite of it. Oh, dear, dear!"

And, with sobs and amid the ejaculations of the astonished sisters, she told the whole story, omitting nothing and sparing herself not the least. When the recital was finished Miss Prissy was the first to comment upon it.

"Well," she exclaimed, "this is the most—I never did— There, Tempy, if this ain't a lesson in keepin' bad comp'ny, then I don't know. Augusty, you'd better go home, I think."

Gus looked at Bradley appealingly, then at the sisters, and, with another burst of sobs, flung herself out of the door and slammed it behind her.

"That awful dog girl!" sputtered Miss Tempy. "I knew what she was from the time she spoiled this very floor with her dreadful critters. Bradley Nickerson, don't you ever speak to her again. Now promise."

(Continued next week.)

YOUNG WOMEN SUFFER MOST

These Two Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.—"I have been teaching for three years, and at the end of the year I always feel tired and have no appetite. I was awful sick each month, too, having pains in my back until sometimes I was obliged to stop working. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I heard many women telling how good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others."—DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

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The number of different materials used in making the garments we wear is remarkable. One of the most beautiful pieces of cloth ever woven was made into a suit for the late President McKinley. It was of the wool of black sheep, and not a hair of it had ever been through the dye tub.

Pena cloth, a dainty muslin the color of champagne, is made from the fibre of the pineapple. It is not cheap, for a blouse length of it costs from $5 to $6. Yasi cloth, popular in the Philippine Islands, is woven of banana fibre. Its natural color is that of the inside of a banana skin. A handsome but rather coarse lace is made of the same material.

Silk is spun from the cocoon of a kind of caterpillar, but the writer has seen a beautiful pair of gloves made of sea silk. This silk is obtained from the small silky tufts protruding from a kind of shell-fish known as the byssus. It takes 3,000 shells to give one pound of sea silk.

Another kind of silk is made of spun glass. A man who recently crossed to England from New York wore a hat made entirely of woven glass. It resembles a Panama, but is heavier and stiffer. The cost of making it was nearly $1,000.

The Silent Bookshop.

There is, in Oxford, London, England, a bookshop where undergraduates can spend hours reading the books and then leave without anyone being surprised if they do not make a purchase. It is, to them, a kind of super free library. The shop is known as the "silent bookshop," because it is an unwritten law that none of the assistants may speak to a customer, unless first addressed.

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One of the strangest letters possessed by Mr. Blackwell, the owner of the bookshop consists of twenty-eight pages of closely-written manuscript, giving the names of hundreds of wanted books. He has requests for back numbers of obscure German publications, and for papers published in American backwoods, and many of his letters are written in Arabic and Japanese and almost unheard-of languages, asking for books issued in any and every age and language.

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

(Continued from page 3)

boxes pickin' them off at all ranges up and down the valley. Then we goes up to the ten men that had run across the snow, too, and they fires a footy little arrow at us. Dravot he shoots above their heads and they all falls down flat. Then he walks over them and kicks them, and then he lifts them up and shakes hands all round to make them friendly like. He calls them and gives them the boxes to carry and waves his hand for all the world as though he was king already. They takes the boxes and him across the valley and up the hill into a pine wood on the top, where there was half a dozen big stone idols. Dravot he goes to the biggest—a fellow they call Imbra—and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectful with his own nose, patting him on the head and saluting in front of it. He turns round to the men and nods his head, and says: 'That's all right. I'm in the know, too, and all these old jim-jams are my friends.' Then he opens his mouth and points down it, and when the first man brings him food he says 'No,' and when the second man brings him food he says 'No,' but when one of the old priests and the boss of the village brings him food he says 'Yes' very haughtily, and eats it slow. That was how we came to our first village."

"Take some more whisky and go on," I said. "That was the first village you came into. How did you get to the king?"

"I wasn't king," said Carnehan. "Dravot he was the king, and a handsome man he looked with the gold crown on his head and all. Him and the other party stayed in that village, and every morning Dravot sat by the side of old Imbra, and the people came and worshiped. That was Dravot's order. Then a lot of men came into the valley, and Carnehan and Dravot picks them off with the rifles before they knew where they was, and runs down into the valley and up again the other side and finds another village, same as the first one, and the people all falls down flat on their faces, and Dravot says, 'Now, what is the trouble between you two villages?' and the people points to a woman, as fair as you or me, that was carried off, and Dravot takes her back to the first village and counts up the dead—eight there was. For each dead man Dravot pours a little milk on the ground and waves his arms like a whirligig and 'That's all right,' says he. Then he and Carnehan takes the big boss of each village by the arm and walks them down into the valley and shows them how to scratch a line with a spear right down the valley and gives each a sod of turf from both sides o' the line. Then we asks the names of things in their lingo—bread and water and fire and idols and such, and Dravot leads the priests of each village up to the idol and says he must sit there and judge the people, and if anything goes wrong he is to be shot.

"Next week they was all turning up the land in the valley as quiet as bees. 'That's just the beginning,' says Dravot. 'They think we're gods.' He and Carnehan picks out twenty good men and shows them how to click off a rifle and form fours and advance in line. He takes out his pipe and his baccy pouch and leaves one at one village and one at the other, and off we two goes to see what was to be done in the next valley. That was all rock, and there was a little village there, and Carnehan says: 'Send 'em to the old valley to plant,' and takes 'em there and gives 'em some land that wasn't took before. Then Carnehan he went back to Dravot, who had got into another valley, all snow and ice and most mountainous. There was no people there, and the army got afraid, so Dravot shoots one of them and goes on till he finds some people in a village, and the army explains that unless the people wants to be killed they had better not shoot their little matchlocks, for they had matchlocks. We makes friends with the priest and I stays there alone with two of the army, teaching the men how to drill, and a thundering big chief comes across the snow with kettledrums and horns twanging, because he heard there was a new god kicking about. Carnehan sights for the brown of the men half a mile across the snow and wings one of them. Then he sends a message to the chief that unless he wished to be killed he must come and shake hands with me and leave his arms behind. The chief comes alone first, and Carnehan shakes hands with him and whirls his arms about, same as Dravot used, and very much surprised that chief was, and strokes my eyebrows. Then Carnehan goes alone to the chief and asks him in dumb show if he had an enemy he hated. 'I have,' says the chief. So Carnehan weeds out the pick of his men and sets two of the army to show them drill, and at the end of two weeks the men can maneuver about as well as volunteers. So he marches with the chief to a great big plain on the top of a mountain, and the chief's men rushes into a village and takes it, we three Martinis firing into the brown of the enemy. So we took that village, too, and I gives the chief a rag from my coat and says, 'Occupy till I come,' which was Scriptural. Then I sends a letter to Dravot, wherever he be, by land or by sea."

At the risk of throwing the creature out of train I interrupted. "How could you write a letter up yonder?"

"The letter? Oh, the letter! Keep looking at me between the eyes, please. It was a string talk letter that we'd learned the way of it from a blind beggar in the Punjab.

"I sent that letter to Dravot and told him to come back because this kingdom was growing too big for me to handle, and then I struck for the first valley to see how the priests were working. They called the village we took along with the chief Bashkai and the first village we took Er-Heb. The priests at Er-Heb was doing all right, but they had a lot of pending cases about land to show me, and some men from another village had been firing arrows at night. I went out and looked for that village and fired four rounds at it from a thousand yards. That used all the cartridges I cared to spend, and I waited for Dravot, who had been away two or three months, and I kept my people quiet. One morning I heard the devil's own noise of drums and horns, and Dan Dravot marches down the hill, with his army and a tail of hundreds of men, and which was amazing—a great gold crown on his head. 'My Gord, Carnehan,' says Daniel, 'this is a tremenjus business, and we've got the whole country as far as it's worth having. I am the son of Alexander by Queen Semiramis, and you're my younger brother and a god too. I've got a crown for you. I told 'em to make two of 'em at a place called Shu, where the gold lies in the rock like suet in mutton. Call up all the priests and, here, take your crown.

"One of the men opens a black hair bag, and I slips the crown on. It was too small and too heavy, but I wore it for the glory. Hammered gold it was, five pound weight, like a hoop of a barrel.

"'Peachey,' says Dravot, 'we don't want to fight no more. The craft's the trick, so help me!' And he brings forward that same chief that I left at Bashkai—Billy Fish we called him afterward because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the big tank engine at Mach on the Bolan in the old days. 'Shake hands with him,' says Dravot. And I shook hands and nearly dropped, for Billy Fish gave me the grip. I said nothing, but tried him with the fellowcraft grip. He answers, all right, and I tried the master's grip, but that was a slip. 'A fellowcraft he is,' I says to Dan. 'Does he know the word?' 'He does,' says Dan, 'and all the priests know. But they don't know the third degree, and they've come to find out. It's God's truth. A god and a grand master of the craft am I, and a lodge in the third degree I will open, and we'll raise the head priests and the chiefs of the villages.'

"'It's against all the law,' I says, 'holding a lodge without warrant from any one, and we never held office in any lodge.'

"'It's a master stroke of policy,' says Dravot. 'The women must make aprons as you show them. I'll hold a levee of chiefs tonight and lodge tomorrow.'

"I was fair run off my legs, but I wasn't such a fool as not to see what a pull this craft business gave us. We took a great square stone in the temple for the master's chair and little stones for the officers' chairs and painted the black pavement with white squares and did what we could to make things regular.

"Dravot gives out that him and me were gods and sons of Alexander and past grand masters in the craft and was come to make Kafiristan a country where every man should eat in peace and drink in quiet and specially obey us. Then the chiefs came round to shake hands, and they was so hairy and white and fair it was just shaking hands with old friends. We gave them names according as they were like men we had known in India—Billy Fish, Holly Dilworth, Pikky Kergan that was bazaar master when I was at Mhow, and so on, and so on.

"The most amazing miracle was at lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the ritual, and I didn't know what the men knew. The old priest was a stranger come in from beyond the village of Bashkai. He fetches a whoop and a howl and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. 'It's all up now,' I says. 'That comes of meddling with the craft without warrant!' Dravot never winked an eye, not when ten priests took and tilted over the grand master's chair—which was to say the stone of Imbra. The priest begins rubbing the bottom end of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows all the other priests the master's mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet and kisses 'em. 'Luck again,' says Dravot across the lodge to me; 'they say it's the missing mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now.' After that Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy—high priests and chiefs of faroff villages.

PART III.

"I CAN'T tell all we did for the next six months, because Dravot did a lot I couldn't see the hang of, and he learned their lingo in a way I never could.

"They were afraid of me and the army, but they loved Dan. He was the best of friends with the priests and the chiefs, but any one could come across the hills with a complaint, and Dravot would hear him out fair and call four priests together and say what was to be done. They sent me with forty men and twenty rifles, and sixty men carrying turquoises, into the Ghorband country to buy those handmade Martini rifles that come out of the ameer's workshops at Kakul, from one of the ameer's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises. We got more than 100 handmade Martinis, 100 good Kohat jezails that'll throw to 600 yards, and 40 manloads of very bad ammunition for the rifles.

"Dravot was too busy to attend to those things, but the old army that we first made helped me, and we turned out 500 men that could drill and 200 that knew how to hold arms pretty straight. Even those corkscrewed, handmade guns was a miracle to them. Dravot talked big about powder shops and factories, walking up and down in the pine wood when the winter was coming on.

"'I won't make a nation,' says he. 'I'll make an empire! These men aren't niggers; they're English! Look at their eyes, look at their mouths. Look at the way they stand up. They sit on chairs in their own houses. There must be a fair 2,000,000 of 'em in these hills. The villages are full o' little children. Two million people—250,000 fighting men—and all English! When everything is shipshape I'll hand over the crown—this crown I'm wearing now—to Queen Victoria on my knees, and she'll say, 'Rise up, Sir Daniel Dravot.' Oh, it's big! It's big, I tell you! But there's so much to be done in every place—Bashkai, Khawak, Shu and everywhere else. It's a big country, and somehow you can't help me, Peachey, in the way I want to be helped.'

"'Go to your blasted priests then!' I said, and I was sorry when I made that remark, but it did hurt me sore to find Daniel talking so superior when I'd drilled all the men and done all he told me.

"'Don't let's quarrel, Peachey,' says Daniel without cursing. 'You're a king, too, and the half of this kingdom is yours, but can't you see, Peachey, we want cleverer men than us now—three or four of 'em, that we can scatter about for our deputies. There's another thing, too. The winter's coming and these people won't be giving much trouble and if they do we can't move about. I want a wife.'

"'For Gord's sake leave the women alone!' I says. 'We've both got all the work we can do, though I am a fool. Remember the contrack and keep clear o' women.'

"'The contrack only lasted till such time as we was kings, and kings we have been these months past,' says Dravot, weighing his crown in his hand. 'You go get a wife, too, Peachey.'

"'Don't tempt me!' I says. 'I will not have any dealings with a woman, not till we are a dam' site more settled than we are now. Let's lie off a bit and see if we can get some better tobacco from Afghan country and run in some good liquor, but no women.'

"'For the last time of answering I will,' said Dravot, and he went away through the pine trees looking like a big red devil.

"But getting a wife was not so easy as Dan thought. He put it before the council and there was no answer till Billy Fish said that he'd better ask the girls. Dravot d—d them all round. 'What's wrong with me?' he shouts, standing by the idol Imbra. 'Am I a dog or am I not enough of a man for your wenches?' He walked out of the council room, and the others sat still, looking at the ground.

"'Billy Fish,' says I to the chief of Bashkai, 'what's the difficulty here? A straight answer to a true friend.' 'You know,' says Billy Fish. 'How should a man tell you who know everything? How can daughters of men marry gods or devils? It's not proper.'

"'A god can do anything,' says I. 'If the king is fond of a girl he'll not let her die.' 'She'll have to,' said Billy Fish. 'There are all sorts of gods and devils in these mountains, and now and again a girl marries one of them and isn't seen any more. Besides, you two know the mark cut in the stone. Only the gods know that. We thought you were men till you showed the sign of the master.'

"I wished then that we had explained about the loss of the genuine secrets of a master Mason at the first go off, but I said nothing. All that night there was a blowing of horns in a little dark temple halfway down the hill, and I heard a girl crying fit to die. One of the priests told us that she was being prepared to marry the king. 'The girl's a little bit afraid,' says the priest. 'She thinks she's going to die, and they are a-heartening of her up down in the temple.'

"'Hearten her very tender, then,' says Dravot, 'or I'll hearten you with the butt of a gun so that you'll never want to be heartened again.'

"I got up very early in the morning while Dravot was asleep, and I saw the priests talking together in whispers and the chiefs talking together, too, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes.

"'What is up, Fish?' I says to the Bashkai man, who was wrapped up in his furs and looking splendid to behold.

"'I can't rightly say,' says he, 'but if you can induce the king to drop all this nonsense about marriage you'll be doing him and me and yourself a great service.'

"'That I do believe,' says I. 'But sure, you know, Billy, as well as me, having fought against and for us, that the king and me are nothing more than two of the finest men that God Almighty ever made. Nothing more, I do assure you.'

"'That may be,' says Billy Fish, 'and yet I should be sorry if it was.' He sinks his head upon his great fur cloak for a minute and thinks. 'King,' says he, 'be you man or god or devil, I'll stick by you today. I have twenty of my men with me, and they will follow me. We'll go to Bashkai until the storm blows over.'

"A little snow had fallen in the night and everything was white except the greasy fat clouds that blew down and down from the north. Dravot came out with his crown on his head, swinging his arms and stamping his feet and looking more pleased than Punch.

"'For the last time, drop it, Dan,' says I in a whisper. 'Billy Fish here says there will be a row.'

"'A row among my people!' says Dravot. 'Not much, Peachey, you're a fool not to get a wife too. Where's the girl?' says he with a voice as loud as the braying of a jackass. 'Call up all the chiefs and priests and let the emperor see if his wife suits him.'

"There was no need to call any one. They were all there leaning on their guns and spears round the clearing in the center of the pine wood. A deputation of priests went down to the little empire to bring up the girl, and the horns blew up fit to wake the dead. Billy Fish saunters round and gets as close to Daniel as he could, and behind him stood his twenty men with matchlocks, not a man of them under six feet. I was next to Dravot, and behind me was twenty men of the regular army. Up comes the girl, and a strapping wench she was, covered with silver and turquoises, but white as death and looking back every minute at the priests.

"'She'll do,' said Dan, looking her over. 'What's to be afraid of, lass? Come and kiss me.' He puts his arm round her. She shuts her eyes, gives a bit of a squeak, and down goes her face in the side of Dan's flaming red beard.

"'The girl's bitten me!' says he, clapping his hand to his neck, and sure enough his hand was red with blood. Billy Fish and two of his matchlock men catches hold of Dan by the shoulders and drags him into the Bashkai lot, while the priests howls in their lingo, 'Neither God nor devil, but a man!' I was all taken aback, for a priest cut at me in front, and the army behind began firing into the Bashkai men.

"I tried to give some sort of orders to my men—the men o' the regular army—but it was no use, so I fired into the brown of 'em with an English Martini and drilled three beggars in a line. The valley was full of shouting, howling creatures, and every soul was shrieking, 'Not a God nor a devil, but only a man!' The Bashkai troops stuck to Billy Fish all they were worth, but their matchlocks wasn't half as good as the Kabul breechloaders, and four of them dropped.

"'We can't stand,' says Billy Fish. 'Make a run for it down the valley. The whole place is against us.' There wasn't more than six men, not counting Dan, Billy Fish and me, that came down to the bottom of the valley alive.

"My own notion is that Dan began to go mad in his head from that hour. He stared up and down like a stuck pig. Then he was all for walking back alone and killing the priests with his bare hands, which he could have done. 'An emperor am I,' says Daniel, 'and next year I shall be a knight of the queen.'

"'All right, Dan,' says I, 'but come along now while there's time.'

"'It's your fault,' says he, 'for not looking after your army better.' I was too heartsick to care, though it was all his foolishness that brought the smash.

"'I'm sorry, Dan,' says I, 'but there's no accounting for natives. This business is our Fifty-seven. Maybe we'll make something out of it yet, when we've got to Bashkai.'

"'Let's get to Bashkai then,' says Dan, 'and when I come back here again I'll sweep the valley so there isn't a bug in a blanket left.'

"We walked all that day, and all that night Dan was stumping up and down on the snow, chewing his beard and muttering to himself.

"'There's no hope o' getting clear,' said Billy Fish. 'The priests will have sent runners to the villages to say that you are only men. Why didn't you stick on as gods till things was more settled? I'm a dead man,' says Billy Fish, and he throws himself down on the snow and begins to pray to his gods.

"Next morning we was in a cruel bad country—all up and down, no level ground at all and no food either. The six Bashkai men looked at Billy Fish hungrywise as if they wanted to ask something, but they said never a word. At noon we came to the top of a flat mountain all covered with snow, and when we climbed up into it, behold, there was an army in position waiting in the middle!

"'The runners have been very quick,' says Billy Fish, with a little bit of a laugh. 'They are waiting for us.'

"'We're done for,' says Dan. 'They are Englishmen, these people, and it's my blasted nonsense that has brought you to this. Get back, Billy Fish, and take your men away; you've done what you could, and now cut for it. Carnehan,' says he, 'shake hands with me and go along with Billy. Maybe they won't kill you. I'll go and meet 'em alone. It's me, the king, that did it.'

"'Go!' says I. 'I'm with you here. Billy Fish, you clear out, and we two will meet those folk.'

"'I'm a chief,' says Billy Fish, quite quiet. 'I stay with you. My men can go.'

"The Bashkai fellows didn't wait for a second word, but ran off. It was cold—awful cold. I've got that cold in the back of my head now. There's a lump of it there."

Carnehan was shivering, and I feared that his mind might go. I wiped my face, took a fresh grip of the piteously mangled hands and said, "What happened after that?"

"What was you pleased to say?" whined Carnehan. "They took them without any sound. Not a little whisper all along the snow, not though the king knocked down the first man that set hand on him—not though old Peachey fired his last cartridge into the brown of 'em. There was a man called Billy Fish, a good friend of us all, and they cut his throat, sir, then and there, like a pig; and the king kicks up the bloody snow and says: 'We've had a dashed fine run for our money. What's coming next?' But Peachey—Peachey Taliaferro, I tell you, sir, in confidence as betwixt two friends—he lost his head, sir. No, he didn't neither. The king lost his head, so he did, all along o' one of those cunning rope bridges. Kindly let me have the paper cutter, sir. It tilted this way. They marched him across that snow to a rope bridge over a ravine with a river at the bottom. You may have seen such. They prodded him behind like an ox. 'D— your eyes!' says the king. 'D'you suppose I can't die like a gentleman?' He turns to Peachey—Peachey that was crying like a child. 'I've brought you to this, Peachey,' says he. 'Brought you out of your happy life to be killed in Kafiristan, where you was late commander in chief of the emperor's forces. Say you forgive me, Peachey.' 'I do,' says Peachey. 'Shake hands, Peachey,' says he. 'I'm going now.' Out he goes, looking neither right nor left, and when he was plumb in the middle of those dizzy dancing ropes, 'Cut, you beggars!' he shouts. And they cut, and old Dan fell, turning round and round and round, 20,000 miles, for he took half an hour to fall till he struck the water, and I could see his body caught on a rock with the gold crown close beside.

"But do you know what they did to Peachey between two pine trees? They crucified him, sir, as Peachey's hand will show. They used wooden pegs for his hands and his feet; and he didn't die. He hung there and screamed, and they took him down next day and said it was a miracle that he wasn't dead. They took him down—poor old Peachey, that hadn't done them any harm—that hadn't done them any"—

He rocked to and fro and wept bitterly, wiping his eyes with the back of his scarred hands and moaning like a child for some ten minutes.

"They was cruel enough to feed him up in the temple, because they said he was more of god than old Daniel that was a man. Then they turned him out on the snow and told him to go home, and Peachey came home in about a year, begging along the roads quite safe, for Daniel Dravot he walked before and said: 'Come along, Peachey. It's a big thing we're doing.' The mountains they danced at night, and the mountains they tried to fall on Peachey's head, but Dan he held up his hand, and Peachey came along, bent double. He never let go of Dan's hand, and he never let go of Dan's head. They gave it to him as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and, though the crown was pure gold and Peachey was starving, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Right Worshipful Brother Dravot. Look at him now!"

He fumbled in the mass of rags around his bent waist, brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread and shook therefrom on to my table the dried, withered head of Daniel Dravot! The morning sun that had long been paling the lamps struck the red beard and blind, sunken eyes; struck, too, a heavy circlet of gold studded with raw turquoises, that Carnehan placed tenderly on the battered temples.

"You behold now," said Carnehan, "the emperor in his habit as he lived—the king of Kafiristan with his crown upon his head. Poor old Daniel, that was a monarch once!"

I shuddered, for, in spite of defacements manifold, I recognized the head of the man of Marwar Junction. Carnehan rose to go. I attempted to stop him. He was not fit to walk abroad. "Let me take away the whisky and give me a little money," he gasped. "I was a king once. I'll go to the deputy commissioner and ask to sit in the poorhouse till I get my health. No, thank you, I can't wait till you get a carriage for me. I've urgent private affairs—in the south."

He shambled out of the office and departed in the direction of the deputy commissioner's house. That day at noon I had occasion to go down the blinding hot mall, and I saw a crooked man crawling along the white dust of the roadside, his hat in his hand, quavering dolorously after the fashion of street singers at home. There was not a soul in sight and he was out of all possible earshot of the houses. And he sang through his nose, turning his head from right to left—

"The son of man goes forth to war,
A golden crown to gain.
His blood red banner streams afar.
Who follows in his train?"

I waited to hear no more, but put the poor wretch into my carriage and drove him off to the nearest missionary for eventual transfer to the asylum. He repeated the hymn twice while he was with me, whom he did not in the least recognize, and I left him singing it to the missionary.

Two days later I inquired after his welfare of the superintendent of the asylum.

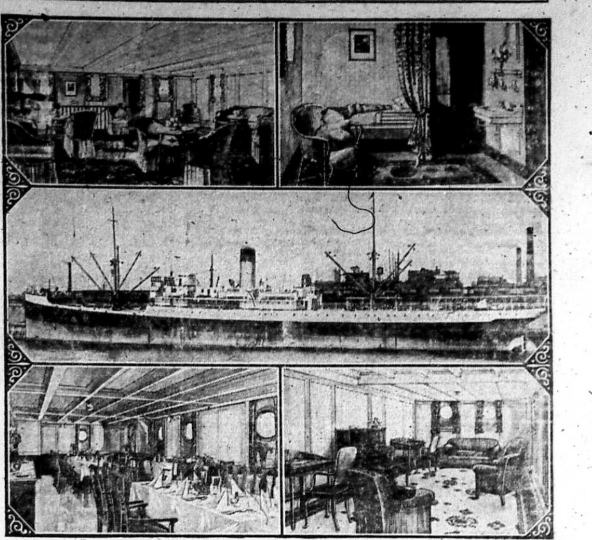
"He was admitted suffering from sunstroke. He died early yesterday morning," said the superintendent. "Is it true that he was half an hour bareheaded in the sun at midday?"

"Yes," said I, "but do you happen to know if he had anything upon him by any chance when he died?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the superintendent.

And there the matter rests.

RE-FITTED FOR WEST INDIES SERVICE



Re-fitted for service on the Canada-West Indies service, the S.S. Canadian Skirmisher of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine fleet, made her first sailing under the new schedule from Halifax on May 20. She is being followed by the S.S. Canadian Pathfinder, which like the Skirmisher has undergone extensive improvements, converting her from a cargo steamer to a three-class passenger steamship for the West Indies service.

These vessels now have accommodation for 50 first-class passengers. First-class accommodation is tastefully fitted up, the public rooms being luxuriously arranged. The vessels have 15 two-berth and 6 three-berth cabins in this section. Accommodation is provided for 32 second-class passengers, whose quarters are tastefully laid out.

The Canadian Skirmisher, with her sister ships will provide a monthly service between Canadian and West Indies ports under the new trade agreement. She is an oil-burning steel screw steamer, with a speed of 12 knots and was built in 1921 at Vancouver by the Wallace Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co.

Photographs show — top, left, Lounge; right, Two-Berth Cabin; centre, the Canadian Skirmisher as re-conditioned; bottom, left, Dining Saloon; right, Music Room.

Byzantine Art.

Byzantine art means the style of art and architecture that arose in the ancient city of Byzantium, the name of which was changed to Constantinople when it became the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire. This style of architecture was used extensively by the Eastern or Greek Church.

Timbuktu.

Timbuktu is the name of a large town in the French Sudan, about ten miles north of the River Niger. It is chiefly inhabited by Arabs and Negroes. A large caravan trade in gold, gum, and ivory is carried on with Guinea and the north coast of Africa. The population is about 20,000.

U. S. Hall of Fame

The Hall of Fame in New York University, which aims to become an American substitute for Westminster Abbey received six additions to its ranks recently when busts were unveiled to the memory of Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, Admiral Farragut, William Ellery Channing, John James Audubon, and Mary Lyon. The latter left no direct descendants, but all the men did, and it was a direct descendant who officiated at the separate unveiling of each bust. The names are all well known in the United States and beyond its borders with the exception of Miss Lyon, yet her title to commemoration is not to be questioned. She began teaching when eighteen years old, and devoted her life to the founding of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary—now Holyoke College—a place where girls could obtain a good education at a low price. She was the author of several educational works, and is remembered as one of the eminent teachers of her country. Miss Lyon was elected to the distinguished company in the Hall of Fame in 1905, and this quotation from her writings is what is inscribed on her bust, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty or fail to do it."

These noted Americans were all elected to the Hall of Fame some years ago, and in consequence have already been commemorated by tablets let into the wall, but their advance to busthood is considered an added distinction. However distinguished the candidate, he must wait until some body or some institution provides the funds for the bust, and this explains why Franklin, who was elected in 1900, is only now given the final honor.

To the present generation Benjamin Franklin is best remembered as the founder of the Saturday Evening Post, which under his management and that of the Curtis Publishing Company has attained a great influence upon the young republic to the south.

"The intercourse between the author and his fellowmen is ever new, active and immediate. Well may the world cherish his renown. It has been purchased by the diligent dispensation of pleasure." This is from Washington Irving, who had a distinguished career in American literature though we doubt if he is much read nowadays. His first recognition came from England, and in those days if not now it was the English recognition that set the seal of approval on an American author. His "Knickerbocker" history of New York aroused protests from the Dutch aristocracy which it mildly ridiculed. He also wrote a standard life of Washington and another of Columbus more remarkable for their literary charm than for the original research work that went into them. He was at one time Minister to Spain and the sojourn there is commemorated in "The Alhambra," one of his most important works.

William Ellery Channing was a noted preacher, who became virtually the founder of Unitarianism in the United States after that movement had originated in the Congregational Church. He was an ardent temperance man, educationist and Abolitionist.

Farragut was the nearest approach to Nelson that the United States has yet developed, and fought with distinction in the War of 1812. In the American Civil War he commanded the fleets that forced the surrender of New Orleans and defeated the Confederate forces in Mobile Bay. On one occasion he was asked what he would do in the event of failing to achieve a victory—had he plans laid to cover this contingency? He replied: "As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who was prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest."

One of the world figures in the list is Audubon, whose name is a household word with naturalists and whose observations and drawings of American birds remain standard to this day. Oddly enough his books were published first in London and later in Edinburgh, because the capacities of the publishing trade in the United States some century ago were not adequate, besides publishing was a costly business when applied to the masterpieces compiled by Audubon. "The productions of nature," wrote Audubon, "soon became my playmates. I felt an intimacy with them not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy, must accompany my steps through life."

For the sixty-five personages enrolled in the Hall of Fame, busts of forty-four are now provided. The thirty-eight already unveiled are those of:

Robert Fulton, Horace Mann, Ulysses S. Grant, George Washington, Mark Hopkins, Gilbert S. Stuart, Edgar Allan Poe, Maria Mitchell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Frances Elizabeth Willard, Robert E. Lee, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, John Adams, Phillips Brooks, Mark Twain, Peter Cooper and James Buchanan Eads. Also Joseph Henry, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, William Thomas Green Morton, Alice Freeman Palmer, Harriet Beecher Stowe, William T. Sherman, John Marshall, Asa Gray, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Webster, Eli Whitney, James Kent, Geo. Peabody and Daniel Boone.

Venice.

Venice stands on 117 small islands, among which, winding through the city, are 150 canals, spanned here and there by 380 bridges.

BRITAIN'S FIRST BANKERS.

Goldsmiths' Company Still Tests the Mint's Gold and Silver Money.

The Goldsmiths' Company, which has just celebrated its six hundredth anniversary, is not only among the wealthiest of the London livery companies, but one of the most important historically. Its members were the first British bankers.

Dealing as they did in gold and silver, it was fairly natural that the goldsmiths should have developed into bankers. In the early days their calling gave them the command of more capital in an easily negotiated form than other merchants had, and those who had money to put away naturally entrusted it to those who were wealthy already. So the goldsmiths gradually grew to be the treasurers of half the city and the creditors of the other half.

On the whole, they found business profitable, but there was a certain risk in acting as bankers, say, 300 years ago. Many goldsmiths who lent money to the state lost heavily as a result of their patriotism. Kings like Charles II. were ready enough to borrow money, but they objected to paying it back.

George Heriot, on the other hand, the goldsmith who followed King James I. from London to Edinburgh, and who is one of the characters in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel," died a wealthy man, much to the advantage of successive generations of Scottish youths who have been educated at the famous Edinburgh school which bears his name.

Although the goldsmiths have ceased to act as bankers, they have still important functions to perform. The company's "hall-mark" on gold and silver plate is known all over the world, and is the best guarantee of assay it is possible to have. The goldsmiths are also responsible for the "Trial of the Pyx," an annual ceremony at which the gold and silver coins issued by the Mint are tested for weight and fineness.

The present Goldsmiths' Hall is situated in Foster Lane and is said to be the most magnificent of all the City halls. It was opened in 1835, but its predecessors go back to 1407.

Take Notice.

That the Wednesday Half-Holidays for the 1927 season start on Wednesday, June 1st, and continue to and including August 31st, 1927. Stores close at 12 o'clock noon.

Napanee Chamber of Commerce.

25-d

Mrs. Dennis, who has been organist in St. Andrew's church for some years, has resigned her position and will remove to Prescott to live with her son, Mr. Russell Dennis.

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman preached his farewell sermon in St. Mary Magdalene's Church on Sunday evening. The church was filled to capacity. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left for Kingston on Monday.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, Bridge street, on Thursday, May 26th, Rev. W. R. Tanton, pastor of Trinity United Church, united in marriage Warner Russell Oatman, star hockey player of Montreal Maroons, and Miss Beatrice Marguerite Taylor, sister of Mr. A. G. Taylor. None but the relatives of the families were present.

Mr. W. J. Jewell is making good progress with his contract to lay floors and instal the new fittings in the Napanee Post Office. The new fittings to replace the present worn out equipment, will be all of the best quality and latest pattern. The private mail boxes will be of all steel construction and all of the woodwork plain oak or oak veneer.

Captain O. Patenaude, master of the steamer City of Kingston, and probably the oldest lake captain in active service, commenting on the weather conditions which have prevailed during the last two or three weeks, states that it is evident that April weather has prevailed during May and predicts that October will be one of the warmest and most pleasant months of the year. Capt. Patenaude has the reputation of being seldom wrong in his predictions regarding the weather.

Patrick Joseph Daly, former editor of the Canadian Freeman, and for the past three sessions in charge of the reading room at the House of Commons, Ottawa, died suddenly at his home, 38 Wellington street, Kingston, about five o'clock on Thursday evening last. Although Mr. Daly has been in failing health for some time past, his death was entirely unexpected and his passing caused a great shock to his family and to his legion of friends throughout Kingston. Mr. Daly had returned from Ottawa early Thursday afternoon and some time afterwards was sitting in the parlor of his home reading the Toronto Globe, when he passed suddenly away.

Flour NOTICE Feed

To Our Patrons :

While Centre Street is being torn up we have provided a good road to our store from the rear off Robert Street.

Choice Groceries, Prompt Service and the Price Right.

Denison Bros.

'Phone 101

Hay North Centre St. **Ice**

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaton's.

Fresh Government Tested

- —Garden Seeds.
- —Flower Seeds.
- —Clover Seeds.
- —Grass Seeds.
- —Flowering Bulbs.

Orders taken for Nursery Stock.

GEO. E. WINTER,

Seed Store

Dundas St. Phone 78.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins ● Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5 ● Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. ● *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence Jinner.

Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing.

All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle	75c.
Shampoo	50c.
Hair Cut	35c.
Facials	35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

NAPANEE BRANCH WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

REPORT OF 1926-27.

The Napanee Branch of Women's Institute has held nine regular meetings during the past year. One hundred and eighty-nine members have been enrolled, with an average attendance of 56.7. Six lectures have been given, covering a variety of subjects. They were as follows :

Institute Work, Value of Self-Control, by Mrs. M. E. Lowe ; Planting and Growing of Bulbs by Mr. Shoemaker ; The Somme Battlefield, by Mrs. Mabel Kelly ; Canadian Authors, by Miss Helen Grange ; Duties of the Mother, by Mrs. J. B. Miller ; "Bacteria, Yeasts and Moulds in the Kitchen, by Dr. Reid.

Three demonstration lectures were given as follows :

Canning Fruits, by Miss Ethel Preston, of the Dominion Fruit Branch ; Fondant Candy-Making, by Mrs. S. Robinson ; Crepe Paper Work, by Miss May Hawley.

Mrs. Ralph Ham and Mrs. A. Woods, who were delegates to the Annual Convention at Ottawa, brought back splendid reports.

In October the ladies served refreshments at a ploughing match held on Mr. W .H. Hunter's farm. In October we also affiliated with the local Council of Women in Kingston, Mrs. A. Woods being chosen as our representative for the year.

A two-weeks' course in Home Nursing was conducted by Miss Petty, in November.

The Mother and Daughter banquet was held on Jan. 20th, when two hundred and twenty-five mothers and daughters sat down to a sumptuous repast. Miss Ethel Chapman, of Toronto, addressed the audience.

A victrola was purchased by the Institute for use in the West Ward School.

For this year's community work, the Institute have again undertaken to boost Chautauqua.

The Superintendent of Current Events, Mrs. Ella Wagar, has kept the Institute posted on doings from every part of the world. She is to be contratulated on her excellent work, as is also our Flower Superintendent, Mrs. R. S. Ham, as thirty of our members have been remembered with flowers during illness.

The officers for this year are :

President—Mrs. A. Woods.

1st Vice-Pres. — Miss Alma Thompson.

2nd Vice-Pres. — Mrs. Jas. Douglas.

Sec'y-Treas. — Mrs. Frank Herrington.

Assistant Sec'y—Mrs. S. Robinson.

Cor. Sec'y—Miss Eva Herrington.

District Director—Mrs. George Switzer.

Directors—Mrs. Ella Wagar, Mrs. Frank Marsh, Mrs. R. S. Wales, Mrs. C. B. Creighton.

Press Reporter—Mrs. James Laughland.

Flower Supt.—Mrs. Ralph Ham.

Supt. Current Events — Mrs. Ella Wagar.

GIVEN DIPLOMAS AND SEALS.

A number of years ago, under the superintendency of Mr. C. D. Eyvel, it was decided to grant diplomas to the members of Grace Sunday School for perfect attendance, these to be followed by the seals. Each year since that time this custom has been observed and last Sunday at the regular service of the Sunday School, forty-six members were presented with diplomas or seals. This Sunday School has won a distinction which probably has not been surpassed by any other school in Ontario—two members obtaining seals for fourteen years' perfect attendance and many others running from one to thirteen years.

The diplomas and seals were presented by Mr .Chas. Stevens amid much applause and it its conclusion a short address was given by the assistant superintendent, Mr. G. W. Gibbard. The following officers and scholars received the presentations :

Diplomas for one year's perfect attendance—Marion Thompson, Gladys Peterson, Eugenia Fox, Lucy Edwards, Hazel Patterson, Margaret Denison, Claire Thompson, Miss Armitage and Donald Leary ; First Seals for two years' perfect attendance, Mrs. M. B. Judson, Mrs. A. Young, Miss Jean Young ; Second Seals for three years' perfect attendance, Marjorie Gibbard, Lois Stalker, Marion Sills, Iris Seymour, Mr. R. B. Allen, Roland Stalker ; Third Seal for four years' perfect attendance, Wilfrid Smith, Sadie Chapman, Reginald Chapman, Ila Chapman ; Fourth Seal for five years' perfect attendance, Anna Young, Anna Pringle, Marion Seymour ; Fifth Seal for six years' perfect attendance, Fern Silver, Gilbert Seymour, Ernest Gibbard ; Sixth and final Seal for seven years' perfect attendance, Mrs. B. M. Black, Hazel O'Neil and Mr .B. M. Black.

Pupils entitled to Second Diplomas for eight years' perfect attendance, John S. Black, F. L. Hooper, and Mrs. W. D. Vanalstyne ; First Seal for nine years' perfect attendance, Miss Eva Boomhower, Mr. Percy Denison.

Second Seal for ten years' perfect attendance, Mr. Byron Rose, Miss Violet Hall, Mr. Ward Huffman ; Third Seal for eleven years' perfect attendance, Mr. Escott Rose, Mrs. Byron Rose, Mr. Gerald Smith ; Fourth Seal for twelve years' perfect attendance, Mr. Joseph Yeomans ; Fifth Seal for thirteen years' perfect attendance, Mrs. F. L. Hooper ; Sixth Seal for fourteen years' perfect attendance, Mrs. Peter Gould, Miss Ada Brown.

PERSONALS

Mr. H. W. Huffman spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. Allan Welters is home from Toronto University for the holidays.

Miss Dora Casey is visiting her brother, Mr. Willet Casey, in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Jas. Fitzpatrick, Detroit, spent last week with friends in Napanee.

Mrs. Williams, Detroit, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Metcalf.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Maybee spent a few days last week in Toronto, where Mr. Maybee attended the coal dealers' convention.

Mr. W. E. Buck, Sillsville, spent last week in Toronto.

Miss Alice Preston is in Toronto with her brother, Dr. Harry Preston.

Miss Florence Caton, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. R. Lott.

Miss Juanita Thompson's many Napanee friends will be pleased to learn that Miss Thompson has passed her fifth year examinations in Medicine at Toronto University.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Edmonds leave on Wednesday for Toronto, after spending a month with her father, Mr. Jas. A. Wilson.

Mr. Arthur Joyce, Rochester, N.Y., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Joyce.

Mr Isaac Sproule, Brampton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Root.

Mr. Beatty, Principle of the Collegiate, spent the week-end with his family in Brockville.

Mr. Fred W. Shibley, New York, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Martha Finkle, and his brother, Mr. Geo. W. Shibley.

Miss Loretta Killorin, Rochester, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Killorin.

Miss Alberta Boyce and Miss Frances Sullivan, of Syracuse, N. Y., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Penny, Empey Hill.

Mr. Harry H. Finkle and wife, of Providence, R.I., spent a few days last week with his mother, Mrs. Martha Finkle, and his uncle, Mr. G. W. Shibley, Centre street.

Mrs. Fannie Fallman, Mrs. Helen Card and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Simonds, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., paid a flying visit to their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Greene and family, returning Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce, of Syracuse, N.Y., motored to Napanee and spent the week-end the guests of Mrs. Boyce's mother, Mrs. N. Vanalstyne, Mill street.

Mr. Earl Penny, of Syracuse, spent the wee-end with his parents at Empey Hill.

Mrs. N. Vanalstyne, Mill street, and Mrs. Jean Husband, Empey Hill, left on Monday for Syracuse, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce.

Mrs. F. E .VanLuven, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilber Jenkins and Miss Helen VanLuven, New York City, has returned home for the summer.

Miss Marie McNeil, of Napanee, won a signal honor for surgical technique at the graduation exercises of the Rosevelt Hospital, New York City, just recently held. She received 99 out of a possible 100 in surgical technique, highest marks in the class. Miss McNeil was the recipient of many congratulations and telegrams on her success, also many beautiful baskets of flowers and other gifts. Among the guests were Mr .and Mrs. John Wilber Jenkins, Miss Helen VanLuven and Mrs. Walsh, of New York City ; Miss Margaret Barrett, of Toronto, and Mrs. F. E. VanLuven, of Napanee.

DEATHS

Barrett—At Montreal, on Tuesday, May 24th, 1927, Mary Barrett.

Curle—At North Fredericksburgh, on Thursday, May 26th, 1927, Margaret Louise Curle.

REDUCED FARES VIA ONTARIO CAR FERRY, COBOURG TO ROCHESTER, N.Y, AND RETURN

The Ontario Car Ferry Company have pleasure in announcing that new reduced fares will be in effect from Cobourg to Rochester and return for Season 1927.

The regular one month limit round-trip fare will be reduced from $6.76 to $6.09. In addition to this a new short limit round-trip fare of $3.50 will be placed in effect—tickets sold at this fare on Monday or Tuesday will be limited for return to the following Saturday, if sold Wednesday or Thursday, limited for return the following Monday, and if sold Friday, Saturday or Monday, limited for return to following Thursday.

These fares will be available during the 1927 Summer Season of scheduled navigation on advertised sailing days, that is to say, on Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from May 28th to July 2nd, and September 8th to 29th, and every day July 3rd to Sept. 5th, except that the reduced one month limit fare will not become effective until June 21st. 27-b

At a special meeting of the Town Council on Tuesday morning, it was decided to construct a permanent pavement on Bridge from East street westerly to the eastern boundary of Robert street. A motion to construct a permanent pavement on Bridge street, from the C.N.R. bridge westerly to the Belleville road, was refeated by the following vote : Nays—Boyes, Jewell, Howitt, Fitzpatrick, Kimmerly. Yeas—Simpson, Dunbar, Roy.

Notice.

The insurance business formerly conducted by the late M. C. Bogart has been taken over by J. W. Metzler.

C. B. DALY,
Executor.

19-f

MERCHANDISE OF UNUSUAL MERIT

C D S L

$25.00

Plain and Fancy Blue Suits in Double Breasted Models

It is not necessary to say they are better than anybody else's. Only necessary to say that they are just as good as double-breasted suits can be.

Tailored in special grades of fine Worsteds and Serges, in plain and fancy Blues, intended for men who know that Conservatism means Style.

You'll be agreeably surprised when you see these Suits priced at $25.00.

May also be had in single-breasted, two and three button models.

Attention Mr. Work Man
$2.50 - Trousers - $2.50

Another shipment of Jean-Cotton Work Trousers, undoubtedly the best value to be had in a Work Trouser. Five good, strong pockets, seams are sewn with linen thread.

Made to withstand lots of hard wear. Two shades, Khaki Mix. and Grey Mix. Specially priced at $2.50. Sizes 32 to 46. Belts to match Grey at an additional cost of 25c. each.

We are also showing other lines of Work Trousers, in all sizes, at $1.50 pair.

New arrivals of Young Men's Trousers Reasonably Priced at $2.95

Neat patterns of Grey and Brown Mixed Tweeds. Two side, two hip and one watch pockets, loops for belt. Eighteen inches wide at bottoms, finished with 1½ inch cuff.

Sizes 29 to 34 inch waist. Reasonably priced $2.95.

There's something about Robinson's Straws that appeals to every man

It may be the correct and exclusive style, or it may be the welcome comfort, or the rich bands, or the acknowledged value and skilful making.

But more likely it is the happy combination of all these advantages that brings to Robinson's men who are content only with the best and most exclusive.

We have just opened up a wonderful array of sailors, with pleasing and attractive bands.

This is Straw Hat time. Choose yours today. From $1.00 to $4.00.

Caps

A Cap is a very necessary article in a Man's wardrobe, whether it be for motoring, sport or for other occasions.

We are sole agents in Napanee for the "Eastern" Cap, the Master Cap of Canada. A wide assortment of shapes and cloths for your choosing.

From $1.50 to $2.50.

Fine Shirts---Two Separate Collars

New arrivals from the House of Tooke.

New Neckwear

Beautiful silks, bright, sparkling designs and colors.

Fine Hosiery

Lisles and silks, novelty patterns.

Fancy Leather Belts

Several shades and patterns. 50 cents each.

New Pullover Sweaters

Tasty combinations.

Kenwood Pure Wool Blankets

A Wedding Gift that shows taste and thoughtfulness

Comfort and beauty to add to her happiness. No gift could be more in accord with the daintiness of the trousseau and the fittings of the new home than a pair of

KENWOOD PURE WOOL BLANKETS

Obtainable in your own color preference, in solid and check patterns, in 72 x 84 in double bed size at $9.75 each, and 60 x 84 in. for single or twin beds at $8.50 each.

Your first night's sleep under a Kenwood will prove a revelation of restful comfort. And Kenwood's retain their fluffy softness, their size and colorful beauty long after ordinary blankets must be replaced.

We invite your inspection.

White and Cream Fabrics due to be popular this season

Both Silk and Wool are shown in a splendid variety of weaves

All signs point to a demand for White, and with the season just opening, we have placed in stock those fabrics which are bound to have first call. We call your attention to this new assortment.

Fugi Silk, 29 in. wide, 75c. ; 29 in. wide, $1.50 yd., heavy weight ; 36 in. wide, $1.75 yd., double warp.

Crepe-de-chine, pure silk, 38 in. wide, $1.75, $2.25 yd.

Flat Crepe, pure silk, 38 in. wide, $2.50, $2.95 yd.

Silk and Wool Jersey, a new weave 54 in. wide, $2.50 yard.

Silk and Wool Balbriggan, 56 in. wide, $2.95 yard.

Wool Jersey, 54 in. wide, $3.75 yd.

Wool Flannel, 54 in. wide, $1.98 yard.

Wool Crepe, 54 in. wide, $1.95 yd.

Twill Cashmere, 38 in. wide, $1.75 yard.

Nun's Veiling, 38 in. wide, $1.25 yard.

Wool Faille, 38 in. wide, $1.48 yard.

Wool Cheviot, 54 in. wide, $1.95 to $3.00 yard.

Wool Serge, 38 in. wide, 98c., $1.50 yard.

Wool Serge, 54 in. wide, $2.95 yard.

Poiret Twill, 54 in. wide, $1.50 yard.

Colored Stripe Awning Duck 55 cent value for 48 cents

Before the family move out to the porch for the summer, it will no doubt be necessary to make some changes in the decorations. In "Awning Duck" you have an extremely popular and attractive material for the covering of verandah furniture, covering cushions, as well as for awnings, verandah curtains and screens.

It comes 29 inches wide and can be had in stripes of Brown and White, Green and White, Blue and White and Tan, Black and Fawn combination.

On display and for sale in our Staple Department.

Attractive New Hats

Expressing the Three Important Summer Modes

The medium sized hat for informal wear, the large brim drooping and face-framing picture hat for tea-party occasions, the small felt for sport and travel wear—these three outstanding styles dominate the summer millinery mode.

Our Millinery Section is displaying these very proper modes in a gay variety of summer colorings. Displaying them in a unique variety of proper fitting head sizes.

The holiday season is fast approaching, choose your sport millinery when choosing your sport wearables.

Especially stressing popular priced Millinery.

Tapestry Rugs for the Money Sets the Standard for Floor Covering

They are Less in Price, but Long in Service

Known in the trade as "The Old Reliables," because of their outstanding ability for giving lasting service through years of constant use. Our 1927 stock introduces a splendid series of new and up-to-date designs, suitable in pattern and coloring for practically every room in the modern home.

Tapestry Rugs are woven seamless, from the very best of imported wool and are colored with the most permanent dyes obtainable. Thus, by being carefully and dependably manufactured, Tapestry Rugs have stood the test for ages, and today stand without a peer as a sound investment for economic floor coverings.

Note these sizes :

6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. ; 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft. ; 9 ft. x 9 ft. ; 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. ; 9 ft. x 12 ft. Prices range from $16.75 to $30.00. You are invited to see them.

Summer Fashions Emphasize the importance of "The Scarf"

To add a bit of color to the neutral shades of smart summer costumes, the gaily patterned and brightly colored scarf is essential. Sometimes it ties in a loose knot at the shoulder, sometimes it appears Ascot-like, with the tailored suit, always it lends a touch of chic. We are now displaying many interesting new ones, especially featuring a clever line of stencilled Georgette Scarfs at $2.75 each.

Women's Ready-to-Wear Section.

Clearing Out 60 Smartly Fashioned Spring and Summer Coats

These Coats are exceedingly "Fashion Wise," as witnessed in numerous smart and varied ways. The materials are not only good-looking, but exceptionally dependable. The attractiveness of most of them is further enriched by clever fur trimmings.

If you are building a holiday wardrobe, or wanting a coat for everyday utility and dress wear, you cannot do better than shop now, while low prices, variety and exclusiveness prevail.

GROUP 1.

Small lot of Tweed Coats in neat and effective designs.

Regular values to $17.50.

Sale Price $6.95.

GROUP 2.

Better grade Coats, featuring both Tweed and Twill materials. Several of them fur-trimmed.

On sale at Half Price.

GROUP 3.

Are all exclusive garments, exploiting the smartest style features and using only the finest materials and the choicest furs. All reduced 25 per cent.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

C D S L

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED

STORE No. 10

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